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THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Did not Samuel Taylor Coleridge once make lyrical inquiries as to the whereabouts of the grave of Sir Arthur Orellan? I think that he found that the sepulchre of that good knight was on the slope of Helvellyn, under the shade of a young birch-tree; and he concluded his quest with the pious aspiration—

His sword is rust;  
His bones are dust;  
And his soul is with the saints, we trust.

The harmonious triplet tinkled in the ears of my mind as I read a newspaper paragraph concerning the recent discovery, in Paris, of a leaden case supposed to contain the brains of James II. How large is the leaden case, I wonder? From one point of view, we might opine that a ladies' locket of the ordinary size would be capacious enough to contain the cerebral organ of the stupid, bigoted, cruel, and perfidious Monarch who allowed himself to be kicked out of his Kingdom in 1688. James's corporeal brains (or the dust into which they have been resolved) are now, it would seem, in the safe keeping of a solicitor, who is the executor of Monseigneur Rogerson, the late administrator of the endowments of the Scotch College in Paris. How would it be if a national subscription were started to erect a handsome monument, say, in Whitehall-yard, for the reception of James II.? It might be another way of celebrating the Jubilee.

At all events, the locality of the brains of the gloomy brother of the Merry Monarch is known. But where is his body? He died, at St. Germain-en-Laye, in 1701, and his remains—or, at least, the bulk of them—were interred in the Chapel of the English Benedictines in Paris. At the Revolution, the Jacobin mob raided the chapel; dug up the coffins for the sake of the lead of which some of them were made; and the body of James II. drifted into the infinities. Well; the Royal bones did not experience a worse fate than that which befel the mortal relics of generation after generation of French Royalty at St. Denis. I remember, as a boy, being taken to visit the cathedral, and hearing the guide describe how the skeletons of half a hundred Kings and Princes, dragged from the leaden coffins which were to be melted down for conversion into bullets, were flung into a pit, which was afterwards filled up with quicklime. "Quelle salade d'ossements!" tranquilly observed the M. Joseph Prudhomme of the period, who was standing by.

Mem.: Seriously, the brains of James II. are not worth making any pother about; but I like to read about the three British Catholic foundations in Paris—the English College, the Scotch College, and the Irish College. Why? Because, in 1775, Samuel Johnson, who had come to Paris on a pleasure trip with the Thrales and Joseph Baretti, paid many visits to the three Colleges in question, and to many French monasteries as well: resolutely discoursing in Latin with the Abbots and Priors thereof. Mrs. Thrale, too, obtained admission to the Convent of the Austin nuns, which was next door to the Scotch College; and Johnson himself obtained admission to the convent parlour, at the grate of which (I don't mean the fireplace, but the *grille*) he discoursed with the Abbess, Mrs. Fermor, who had known Pope, "and thought him disagreeable." She was a niece of the lovely Belinda of "The Rape of the Lock."

I am about to commit a scandalous and unpardonable act of egotism. Somebody has kindly sent me an extract from a London newspaper commenting upon some remarks of the London correspondent of some American journal, the name of which is not given. I have not the slightest desire to know it. The trustworthy (not reliable) correspondent of the Yankee journal incidentally mentions that Mr. Archibald Forbes "has made a large fortune out of his literary talent," and that my own capacity "has landed me in the dregs of poverty." This is related with much circumstantiality of detail; and the readers of the Yankee paper are called upon to pity me as a "poor Bohemian."

I am delighted to learn that my good friend Archibald Forbes has made a large fortune. He deserves every cent of it. Touching my humble self, I may just hint that I don't much like the expression "landed in the dregs of poverty." "Steeped to the lips in poverty" would have been better. For the rest (wrapping my rags around me as I write), I can only sigh, Too true! too true! "Poverty, with icy hand, and slow consuming age," are upon me. It is with extreme difficulty, in this dreadfully severe weather, that another chaldron of coals has been obtained. I cannot face the washerwoman; and the butcher looks daggers when I pass his shop. The Queen's taxes are coming in; the four-gallon cask of small beer is nearly out; the tallyman positively will not wait any longer; the man in possession looms in the offing, and the climax of my catastrophe has been capped by the disbursement of three half-crowns (procured by the hypothecation of my silver watch to Uncle George) for the payment of the license of the dog "Hobson-Jobson." He is an ungrateful little beast. He is washed every Saturday morning, and appears as white as the Beautiful Snow; but by Tuesday afternoon he is as black as a sweep again. Yet I forgive him, because he is old and poor; and we are brothers in misfortune.

A German lady correspondent "E. Von L." notices, with regret, that I have "taken up arms" for the use of the word "commence" instead of "begin." No arms were taken up, high, well-born lady. It was merely mentioned that Shakspeare frequently used the words "commence," "commenced," "commencing," and "commencement," and that Shakspeare was neither a donkey nor a vulgarian, as a polite writer in the *Saturday Review* declared every man must be who used the word "commence" instead of "begin."

The honorary secretary of the Selborne Society has written to the *Times* to protest against what he calls the cruel and barbarous fashion of wearing "corpses of birds" on ladies' hats and bonnets. It appears that several months ago the Rev. F. O.

Morris started a Plumage League Pledge, and earnestly entreated ladies to give up the use of plumage, and return to the fashion of wearing artificial flowers. Several influential ladies joined the Plumage section of the Selborne Society.

It is now suggested that the President and Council of the ladies belonging to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should bring the purely humane aspect of the case under the notice of her Gracious Majesty, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and other Royal patronesses, and pray for the condemnation of a fashion which, in spite of remonstrances from the daily press and from persons of all shades of thought and opinion, has lasted too long. How long, O hon. sec. of the Selborne Society? Some thousands of years, I should say.

Were I a farmer or a market-gardener, I might be able to say something practical about the injury which birds do, or do not do, to growing grain and to fruit-trees. Were I a sentimentalist, I should at once begin to weep bitterly and declare, bathed in tears, that it was dreadfully, cruelly, barbarously wicked for the ladies to wear "bird corpses" in their hats or bonnets. But I am only a Cockney, who has seen the world; and, from what I have seen of that world, I am inclined to think that the air can spare a few tens of thousands of birds every year for their feathers, to be used for decorative purposes. Did you ever see a rain-storm in the tropics? The water comes down in vertical sheets, like so many glass curtains, which smash against the tall trees, tear the creepers from their trunks, and drown the small birds by hundreds. You may see when the storm is over, and the sun begins to shine again, the steaming jungle littered with birds of rare plume—a very Tom Tiddler's ground of brilliant hues. But these storms do not thin the forest of its feathered population. For hundreds of years the Mexicans have practised the national industry of making tapestry composed of plumage of varied tints. However, I don't wear feathers myself; nor, I should say, does the honorary secretary of the Selborne Society adorn himself with plumes when he goes to a "smart" party. Let the farmers, the milliners, and the sentimentalists settle the matter between them. A philosopher has said that we can be good and happy without socks; and the Happy Man, it is well known, had no shirt. Let Beauty try to do without feathers for a time, and report to the lady editor of "Sylvia" what the gentlemen think of ladies' hats and bonnets "sans plumes."

Mem.: But there, again, I may be wrong. A little bird whispers to me that women dress for women, and not for men.

"H. P." is anxious that I should supply him with references to any books or articles besides "Men of the Time" dealing with the life, speeches, and character of Sir William Vernon Harcourt. "H. P." "has to compose an essay on this subject, and is rather at a loss where to turn for material." I should advise my ingenious correspondent to consult "Boyle's Court Guide," and ascertain the address of Sir W. V. Harcourt, and then write to him and ask for "additional particulars." Sir William is a most affable gentleman, and probably knows a great deal more about himself than I or anybody else can do.

Touching the opal as an unlucky stone, "A. W." (Boston Spa, York) writes that in a book entitled "Earth and its Treasures," translated from the French of "Arthur Mangin," it is stated that—

The opal has lost all its remarkable virtues so completely, *now-a-days*, as to be regarded by the superstitious as ominous of ill-fortune.

Another correspondent states that the real reason for the dislike with which opals are regarded lies in the fact that they are easily broken, and are therefore not a very remunerative investment; but, as often happens, the superstition attached to the object has long outgrown the original reason. The superstition my correspondent believes to be a Russian one. The opal, however, being the stone which presides over the month of October, persons born in that month should wear opals in preference to any other gems.

Come we next to the alleged unluckiness of peacocks' feathers in a house. The correspondent cited above says that if the "eye" feathers are carried into a dwelling where there are daughters, those young ladies will assuredly die old maids. There is, however, a curious rider to the superstition, to the effect that the ill-luck will only be extended to those families which have Irish blood in their veins. On the other hand, "A. J. M." (Bagshot, Hungerford) tells me there is a legend saying that the peacock opened the gates of Paradise to Satan. On this "A. J. M." suggests that I might like to write an essay, "remembering that the peacock is always an emblem of Pride." No. I prefer to write an essay on the jackdaw, which is generally considered to be the emblem of Impertinence.

Of opalesque lore I have this week rather a plethora than otherwise; but the subjoined note is too interesting to be passed over. "H. N. D." (Dublin) writes:—

Why are peacocks' feathers unlucky? Will you permit me to suggest that this has very possibly a connection with the subject of the Evil Eye, or "gettatura." I am supported in my idea by the fact that a few months since, in the town of Galway, it was (on my declining, for this reason, to purchase a Japanese parasol made of peacocks' feathers) pointed out to me that all the eyes had been cut out!

"F. G. T." (Streatham) would be obliged if he could learn "where can be found a really trustworthy and interesting account (in English) of the invasion of Russia in 1812, and of the subsequent retreat from Moscow." I can only suggest, in reply, that there should be in existence an English translation of Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire," and also one of General Comte de Ségur's incomparably graphic narrative of the "Campaign of Napoleon and the Grand Army in Russia."

"W. De G. W." (Carmarthen) writes, anent the tomb of Henry Fielding, that, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1755, there is a pathetic letter from the great novelist, giving some account of the trouble and discomforts of his embarkation at "Redriffe" on his last voyage. I may tell

my correspondent that "Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon" is included in the complete edition of his works. It is one of the most humorous and most touching narratives of travel that I have ever read, contrasting favourably with poor Smollett's notes of Italian travel, which are one continuous moan of physical and mental anguish.

These old feet still stumble at graves. My sincere thanks are due to "D. R." (Bournemouth), who informs me that during the month of May last, being in the Crimea, he found the cemetery on Cathcart's Hill well walled in, neatly planted with ornamental trees, and the graves and monuments in good order. An equally favourable report is given of the beautiful English cemetery at Scutari, both that and the Crimean graveyard being well looked after by British Consuls. Some years since, my correspondent was at Corunna, and was delighted to find that the bastion of the fort where Sir John Moore lies buried had been converted into a fine public garden, in the midst of which the hero's tomb is a prominent object, and in perfect order; it is taken care of, "D. R." opines, by the municipal authorities of Corunna.

I went, on Twelfth Night, or rather on the morning of the Seventh of January (for the proceedings did not begin until 12.30 a.m.), to Drury-Lane Theatre, to witness the cutting of "Baddeley's cake." Robert Baddeley, familiarly called "Bob," was a notable comedian of the last century. He was the last actor, it is said, to exercise the privilege, as one of "His Majesty's Servants," of wearing the Royal livery of scarlet. Baddeley's assertion of his right did not extend beyond the donning of a red waistcoat. Curious to relate, there was, many years after Baddeley's time, a lessee and manager of Old Drury who early in life had habitually worn a scarlet waistcoat, dimly significant of his being in Governmental employ. This was the late Mr. E. T. Smith, who had been at one period a "Bow-street Runner," and was subsequently one of the first Inspectors of Police appointed under the New Police Act.

Baddeley was the original Moses in "The School for Scandal" (produced May 8, 1777). He died in prosperous circumstances, and left the sum of one hundred pounds to be invested in the funds; the interest to be devoted to an annual treat of cake and wine to the Drury-Lane company on Twelfth Night. It must be full five-and-thirty years since I first partook of the festive Baddeley dole at Drury-Lane. The ceremony used to take place in the green-room: the guests being only the ladies and gentlemen of the company, with, perhaps, a few of the personal friends of the manager. But all that has changed since the mantle of Robert William Elliston has descended on the shoulders, and the sceptre of Alfred Bunn has been grasped by the puissant hand, of Mr. Augustus Harris.

The annual cutting of the Baddeley cake has been for some few years past a very grand function indeed; and the celebration of Jan. 6-7 excelled, so one of the habitués told me, all its predecessors "in chastened and refined splendour." I know that a very handsome supper was set forth on the stage, which presented a most picturesque appearance, the supper-tables, at the sides, being ranged amphitheatrically, ascending almost to the "flies." The cake was cut by Mr. James Fernandez, who made a capital speech about "Bob" Baddeley, Old Drury, the actor's craft, Mr. Augustus Harris and his hospitality, and so forth. A most enjoyable night. How many scores of guests there were I know not; but the company was both numerous and brilliant, including, as it did, Peers, members of Parliament, diplomatists, actors and actresses, journalists, lawyers, and doctors. After I went away, the festivities, I was told, culminated in a ball. I know that I reached home at two p.m., went to bed, and stayed there until the morning of Jan. 8. You see that a whole year had elapsed since I had last enjoyed a "night out."

There is a very charming story called "The Philosopher's Window" in the current number of *Temple Bar*. The story is by Lady Lindsay, and is full of tender, graceful sympathy, with here and there a touch of quiet and refined humour. Not only the readers of *Temple Bar*, but all the friends of Lady Lindsay, will rejoice at the appearance of "The Philosopher's Window." For a very long time her Ladyship has been suffering from the effect of a dreadful accident; and it is to be hoped that her delightful contribution to *Temple Bar* will prove the harbinger of her complete restoration to health.

Behold a Christmas number from across "the big pond!" From New York comes to me "The Christmas Spirit of the Times," containing a long, graphic, and thoroughly genial article called "My Eight Weeks in America," by Mr. Joseph Charles Parkinson, who won his spurs in journalism long ago, and whose practical abandonment of literature for *la haute finance* was only sorrowfully acquiesced in by his many friends and admirers when they remembered that journalism often "lands" its professors "in the dregs of poverty." But Mr. Parkinson returns now and again to the *cari luoghi* with which he was once so familiar; and in "My Eight Weeks in America" one recognises all his old acuteness of observation and cordiality of temperament. He crossed the Atlantic last August with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry as fellow-travellers. The party was one purely and simply of pleasure. As for Mr. Parkinson, who wandered very far West indeed—even as far as Salt Lake City—he seems from the outset to have determined to enjoy himself, and to have carried out his resolution with inflexible perseverance.

I am sincerely gratified to find that the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings has taken up in right earnest the case of Fairfax House, Putney. A meeting, which was largely attended by Putney people, was held at the offices of the society on Thursday, Jan. 13; but this Journal goes to press too early for me to be able to dilate on the proceedings of the meeting. I may say, however, that the Fairfax House question is one that should interest not only the people of Putney but the entire metropolitan and suburban public. If Fairfax was not the permanent occupant of the fine old mansion which bears his name in Putney main street, he was certainly, as was shown last week on the authority of Lysons, quartered in the town for a considerable period. His name is somehow or another closely associated with Putney; and to preserve Fairfax House would be to do long-deferred justice to the memory of an illustrious Englishman, of whom it is written—

He might have been a king,  
But that he understood  
How much it is a meaner thing  
To be dishonourably great  
Than honourably good.

G. A. S.



## THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

The Right Hon. George Joachim Goschen is a Conservative Liberal, with a manifest aversion to the sentimental phrases and aspirations of Democratic enthusiasm; yet he is not merely an able financier and administrator, but has in him a vein of statesmanship capable, if he had more faith in the people, of producing larger political conceptions than have appeared hitherto in his Parliamentary and official career.

He entered Parliament in May, 1863; but is now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, having been born at Leipsic, of a German Jewish family, on August 10, 1831. He came to England, we believe, when near the age of sixteen, and was educated at Rugby School, under the Rev. Dr. Tait and the Rev. Dr. Goulburn, and at Oriel College, Oxford. He won high honours at the University, in 1853, being first-class in classics; then he was trained to business in the City firm of his relatives, Messrs. Fruhling and Goschen, of Austin-Friars; and became a partner in that house, mastering all the details of banking, discounting, bill-broking, and foreign exchanges. The last-mentioned kind of operations, with the monetary science and the system of commercial credit in all its ramifications, has been to him a subject of profound theoretic study; and his treatise upon this subject, published in 1864, has been translated by M. Léon Say, and other economic writers, into several European languages. In 1863, as above stated, Mr. Goschen, already known and esteemed in the City of London, was elected M.P. for that important constituency; and he was chosen by the Liberal Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, to second the Address at the opening of the Session in 1864. As a Liberal in principle, he at once became a conspicuous advocate of the abolition of exclusive religious tests at the Universities. At the General Election of July, 1865, he was returned again for the City—this time at the head of the poll. After the death of Lord Palmerston, when Earl Russell formed his Ministry, in November, 1865, Mr. Goschen took office as Vice-President of the Board of Trade; and in the January of next year became a Cabinet Minister as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry, beginning in December, 1868, Mr. Goschen was included as President of the Poor-Law Board, until March, 1871; during which period he applied himself to the examination of all branches of English local administration and local taxation; conducted a systematic inquiry into their operation; and produced schemes for their reform, which laid the foundation of repeated subsequent attempts by other Ministers of the Liberal party. During the latter part of the time of Mr. Gladstone's Government, from March, 1871, to February, 1874, Mr. Goschen was First Lord of the Admiralty; he gained a thorough acquaintance with the state of our naval expenditure, but under different conditions from the present.

Having been the only Liberal candidate re-elected for the once Liberal City constituency in 1874, Mr. Goschen was a steady member of the Opposition, at first under Mr. Disraeli's Government; but his attention was engaged, in 1876, by the business of an important mission of financial diplomacy. He and M. Joubert were appointed, respectively, delegates of the English and the French holders of Egyptian Bonds, to visit the Khedive Ismail Pasha, at Cairo, and to procure an arrangement for the conversion and consolidation of the various stocks of bonded debt. It should be observed that Mr. Goschen's connection with the firm of Messrs. Fruhling and Goschen, which was one of the contractors for the Egyptian loans, had terminated in 1866: and that he acted, in 1876, only as the official representative of the interests of associated English bondholders. In 1880 he was at Constantinople on a special mission to arrange the Greek frontier. We are more concerned with his relation to the movement of English politics, which assumed a new aspect during the latter years of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, when the Opposition, falling again under Mr. Gladstone's leadership, exhibited a strong advance in the direction of Radicalism, marked by proposals for the extension of the county suffrage, which Mr. Goschen was unable to follow.

With regard to the further extension of the franchise, Mr. Goschen expressed, upon several occasions from 1878 to 1884, his reluctance to "entrust unlimited power to one class, the class largest in numbers." His attitude towards Parliamentary Reform was rather like that of Mr. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke; it was founded on no partiality to aristocratic government, but upon a vague apprehension of some unknown overwhelming force of uninstructed popular passion, throughout the whole community, directing itself to a particular unwise object. This fear has deterred Mr. Goschen from applying to our representative constitution the same principles that he has forcibly advocated for local self-government. For in the election of County Boards, of district and parish or township authorities, he said, in a speech at Rugby, on Nov. 29, 1881, "I want, on political and social grounds, to see the agricultural labourers endowed with the opportunity of taking a real part in local affairs." Direct election, on a wide basis of popular suffrage, is Mr. Goschen's idea of parochial and county government, with "voting made easy" by having all elections of local authorities by the ratepayers on the same registry, with similar forms, and all on one fixed day. He would put an end to "the chaos of authorities, the chaos of different areas, and the chaos of rating and taxation," by which every ratepayer is perplexed; and he wishes to create and foster in rural communities a genuine civic life equal to that of our cities and boroughs. This is Mr. Goschen's pet object of Reform, which he took in hand, as a Minister, above sixteen years ago; when he also proposed to divide the payment of rates between landlord and tenant, and to supersede the Treasury allowances from Government, by handing over the collection and use of certain Inland Revenue taxes to the Local Boards.

It is well known that these plans were accepted by Mr. Gladstone, as an essential feature of the domestic policy of his Government in 1880, to which Mr. Goschen, though he could not join it, for three or four years lent his sincere support. He was not, at that period, a mere "candid friend" of the Liberal Ministry, cold and critical, but one who spoke in burning words of the virtues and genius of its great Leader, and who conjured "the democracy of England" to sustain Mr. Gladstone in power. A speech delivered at Watford, Nov. 15, 1881, might be quoted to show Mr. Goschen's feeling then, and how deeply he was impressed with the necessity of upholding "a strong Executive Government," for the maintenance of law and order. This he declared to be a main article in the creed of the National Liberal Party; and, since he applied it especially to the alarming condition of Ireland, the process by which he is now led to take office in a Conservative Government is easily understood.

In opposing, with Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir George Trevelyan, during the last Session and the General Election, the scheme of a separate Irish Parliament and a separate Irish Executive, Mr. Goschen displayed high powers of oratory, in spite of defects of voice and manner; he has the attention due to one of our ablest public men, who has exercised an independent judgment on the gravest political questions.

Mr. Goschen was M.P. for Ripon from 1880 to 1885, when he gained a seat for East Edinburgh, which he has lost.

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Numerous meetings have been held throughout the country to devise plans for celebrating the Queen's Jubilee.

At a meeting of the Blackburn Town Council last week the Mayor (Mr. Councillor Appleby) announced that he would give £500 towards the erection of a technical school in Blackburn, in commemoration of the Jubilee, and £100 towards the proposed Imperial Institute.

Colonel Cornwallis West, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire, opened a Public Library, at Llangollen yesterday week, this being the first celebration in the Principality of the Queen's Jubilee. Upwards of 1000 volumes were presented to the library, and about 250 standard works were contributed by Sir Theodore Martin.

Presiding at a county meeting held at Exeter yesterday week, to consider what steps should be taken to celebrate her Majesty's Jubilee, the Earl of Idlesleigh, as Lord Lieutenant and Baron, drew attention to the proposed Imperial Institute, and dwelt on the necessity for extending amongst the people of the United Kingdom knowledge of India and the Colonies, both as labour markets and productive territories.

A largely attended county meeting was held at Taunton on Saturday last, under the presidency of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, for the purpose of promoting a movement in connection with the Taunton and Somerset Hospital to commemorate her Majesty's Jubilee. It was resolved to raise a special fund of £10,000, to be applied in establishing a building to be called the Victoria Jubilee Nursing Institute, in building a children's ward, and in extending the out-patients' department, all of which the medical staff regard as of urgent importance. The sum of nearly £2500 was subscribed in the room, including £500 given by Dr. Liddon on the condition that £5000 be raised, and £500 by Dr. Kelly under similar conditions. The borough will celebrate the Jubilee by giving a dinner to all the poor in the town, a tea to all the children, and by building a new Townhall.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were present at an influential meeting last Saturday, in the Chester Townhall, to promote the restoration of the obelisk on the summit of Moel Famau, in Flintshire, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

At Thirsk, Yorkshire, it is proposed to rebuild the market cross and carry out other improvements.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the county of Glamorgan, held at Neath, on Monday, it was resolved to devote all subscriptions raised in the county to the proposed Imperial Institute in London. Mr. Talbot, M.P., who presided, gave £250, and altogether £500 was collected in the room.

The Leamington Town Council on Monday resolved to celebrate the Jubilee by a special service at the parish church, a dinner to the poor, tea and amusements for the children, illuminations and band performances, and the erection of some local memorial. It was also resolved to present an address of congratulation to her Majesty.

A well-attended meeting was held at Northwich, on Monday, to consider the celebration of the Jubilee. A committee was appointed to promote the Imperial Institute, and also a local scheme. Mr. Verdin, M.P., announced that he would present an estate consisting of a gentleman's residence and an extensive pleasure-ground to the town. The house he would transform into a Victoria Infirmary, and plunge and brine baths would be provided also, and the grounds be laid out specially for children.

The Archbishop of Armagh has issued an address to the members of the Church of Ireland, inviting them to join in an aggregate movement for the commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee in such a manner as may suitably mark their devotion to the Sovereign.

Upwards of £3600 has been subscribed towards the celebration of the Jubilee at Windsor.

At a meeting at Preston it was announced that more than £800 had been subscribed for the purpose of presenting the Mayor with a gold chain and badge in commemoration of the Jubilee.

A public meeting was held at Canterbury on Tuesday, at which it was resolved, as a means of commemorating the Jubilee, to raise a fund for the endowment of a wing in the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, to be called the Victoria Ward.

Lord Burton on Tuesday presented the tenants on his Rangmore estate, near Burton-on-Trent, with club premises costing about £3000, in commemoration of the Jubilee.

It has been decided at Keswick to pay off the debt of £700 or £800 upon the Recreation Park, by way of celebrating the Jubilee in the Lake district.

An enthusiastic public meeting was held in the Townhall, Newbury, on Monday evening, to consider the best means of celebrating the Queen's Jubilee in the borough. The Mayor presided; and proposed that dinners should be given to the poor, and that there should be such other rejoicings as may be agreed upon by the committee. This was seconded by Mr. Godwin, Town Clerk, and adopted. It was also decided to open subscription-lists for the Imperial and Colonial Institute.

The Warwick Town Council on Tuesday resolved to celebrate the Jubilee with a public dinner to the poor, tea and entertainments to the school children, and an illumination of the town. It is also proposed to endow the King's High School, Middle School, and Girls' High Schools with Jubilee scholarships. A congratulatory address is to be presented by the Corporation to the Queen.

At the West Suffolk Quarter Sessions on Tuesday a resolution was unanimously passed, on the motion of the Marquis of Bristol, seconded by Colonel Parker, adopting the Imperial Institute scheme for the celebration of the Jubilee.

Lady Bective is taking an active part in the movement that the women of England should present the Queen with a Jubilee gift.

On Tuesday night the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress held a reception at the Mansion House, which was attended by Lord Lieutenants of counties and various civic and other public authorities in all parts of the kingdom. The gathering was in connection with the magnificent meetings which were held in St. James's Palace and the Mansion House on Wednesday, in furtherance of the objects of the Imperial Institute.

Our Portrait of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Mr. Jaffray, of Birmingham, has received from an anonymous donor £1000 towards the endowment fund of the Jaffray Suburban Branch of the Birmingham General Hospital.

At the annual general court of the Royal Humane Society, held on Tuesday, under the presidency of Mr. H. P. Clarke, the Stanhope Gold Medal, given by the late Captain C. Stanhope, R.N., for the most deserving case of saving life coming before the society each year, was awarded to Captain H. N. M' Rae, of the 45th (Rattray's) Sikhs, for rescuing a soldier from a deep well at Rawul Pindee, Bengal, on Oct. 5.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is still at Osborne, enjoys good health, and takes walks and drives daily. Yesterday week the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove through West Cowes. Lord Rowton and Colonel Terry had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family in the evening. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princesse Hélène arrived at Osborne last Saturday evening. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby and M. Vitet had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Sunday morning her Majesty and Princess Beatrice and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by the Comtesse de Paris, Princess Hélène, and Princess Beatrice. On Monday the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène took leave of the Queen and the Royal family, and returned to Sheen House.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained a distinguished party of guests at Sandringham for the twenty-third birthday of Prince Albert Victor, which took place last Saturday. The grand ball-room was transformed into a theatre, and, by Royal command, Mr. Charles Wyndham's company from the Criterion Theatre performed "David Garrick." The Criterion orchestra furnished the musical portion of the entertainment. Mr. Wyndham sustained the character of Garrick, and was supported by Messrs. David James, George Giddens, W. Blakeley, A. Bernard, W. E. Gregory, and J. R. Sherman; and Mesdames F. Paget, E. Millard, and Mary Moore. Amongst the distinguished audience were the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, the three Princesses, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, and Countess Gleichen. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, the three Princesses, and the guests staying in the house, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Rector, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Dalton, Chaplain to the Queen and Canon of Windsor, who also preached. Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe and Countess Feodore Gleichen, having terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, left Sandringham on Monday morning. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, proceeded to Cumberland Lodge on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian; the Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, remaining at Sandringham. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince Christian, and party shot over the Royal coverts in Windsor Great Park; and on Wednesday the Prince and his son returned to London.

## MUSIC.

The resumption of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall is always a matter for rejoicing to the large numbers who frequent them, and regret their temporary cessation. The twenty-ninth season was resumed—after a brief interval—last Saturday afternoon, when Schubert's ottet, for stringed and wind instruments, was repeated, led by Madame Normann-Néruda in association with other eminent artists before identified with the work. Mr. Charles Hallé reappeared as solo pianist, and was warmly welcomed on his recovery from his recent severe illness. He played, with his customary care and refinement, Schumann's Fantasia in C, Op. 17—which, although comparatively an early work, is eminently characteristic of its composer's genius. Mr. Santley gave, with much success, an effective setting, by Dr. Mackenzie, of Shakspeare's Pedlar's song, and Gounod's cantique, "Le Nom de Marie." On the following Monday the first evening concert of the year was given; Madame Néruda having again been the leading violinist, in association with Mr. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti in Schubert's quartet in D minor, with Herr Straus in Mozart's duet in B flat for violin and viola, and with Signor Piatti in Beethoven's variations, Op. 121A, the pianist in which was Miss Zimmermann, who also played in the same composer's sonata in G minor for piano and violoncello, with Signor Piatti at the latter instrument. It is needless to say that all these pieces were worthily rendered. Miss C. Elliot replaced Mr. Thorndike (absent on account of illness), and gave some vocal pieces with refined taste.

The seventh of the London Symphony Concerts took place at St. James's Hall this week, the programme having included a new manuscript serenade for stringed instruments by Mr. A. Foote. Of the performances we must speak next week.

The second London Ballad Concert of the year—at St. James's Hall this week—was an evening performance, the first (on New Year's Day) having been given in the afternoon. The programme was again of a varied and interesting nature, and comprised the co-operation of several eminent artists.

Mr. W. Nicholl's fourth vocal recital took place during the week at the Portman Rooms; as did the concert of Mr. Sydney Smith (the well-known pianist) at Prince's Hall, and a pianoforte recital, at St. James's Hall, by Herr Schönberger.

The second ladies' concert of the current series of the Bohemian Musical Society was held in the Crystal Palace on Thursday, when the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, presided.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," will be repeated by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society next Wednesday evening; Dr. C. V. Stanford's setting of Tennyson's poem "The Revenge" being also included in the programme. Both works, it will be remembered, were produced at the Leeds Festival last October, and have since been given in London, as already recorded.

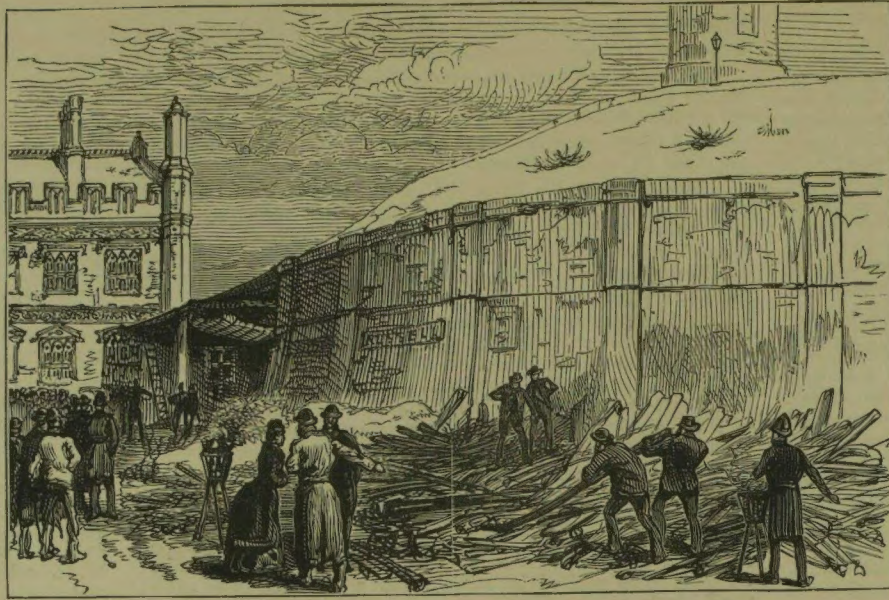
Next week's music will also include the performance at the Royal Albert Hall next Wednesday evening of Stanford's "Revenge" and Sullivan's "Golden Legend," by the Albert Hall Choral Society; the Sacred Harmonic Society's performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," on Friday evening; and (unless postponed) the production of the new Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera at the Savoy Theatre, on Saturday. On Tuesday evening, the 25th inst., Burns' anniversary will be honoured by a Scotch festival at the Royal Albert Hall.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, the testimonials named below, which have been awarded by the President of the French Republic to certain officers and men of the British vessel Greece, in recognition of their services to the crew of the French vessel Soudary, which was abandoned at sea on Oct. 12, 1881:—A binocular glass to the master, Mr. William Pearce; a silver medal of the first class to Mr. Thomas Foote, second mate; and silver medals of the second class to the following seamen: George Markham, Peter McGowan, Frank Bismark, Hans Stransberg, and David Ball.—The Board of Trade have also received testimonials awarded by the President of the French Republic to certain of the officers and crew of the British vessel Capulet, of Liverpool, in recognition of their services to the shipwrecked crew of the French brig St. Anne, in April, 1886.



## THE WINTER SNOWS AND FLOODS.

The severe wintry weather of the last two or three weeks has caused further disasters besides those already mentioned. On Saturday, in the West Midland counties and in North Wales, the heavy fall of snow that began the night before incumbered the roads, and, in the moorland country of North Derbyshire, flocks of sheep were buried in the snow-drifts. At Shrewsbury, on Saturday afternoon, the roof of the covered cabstand adjoining the railway station suddenly collapsed under the weight of snow lying upon it. It was half-past three in the afternoon, the hour at which the cab-horses are usually fed, or thirty or forty persons might otherwise have been under the roof when it fell. Only one cab was there, which was partly demolished, and the horse injured, while the driver escaped; but Mr. William Heath, of Hadnal, coal-merchant, was killed at once. Mr. F. Aiden Hibbert sends us a sketch of this accident. The roof of the Midland Railway station at Leicester also partly fell in, but no person was hurt. In the streets of that and other towns, and on the roads all over the country, traffic was much impeded. At Bramber, in Sussex, a thaw last week



COLLAPSE OF PART OF THE SHREWSBURY RAILWAY STATION.

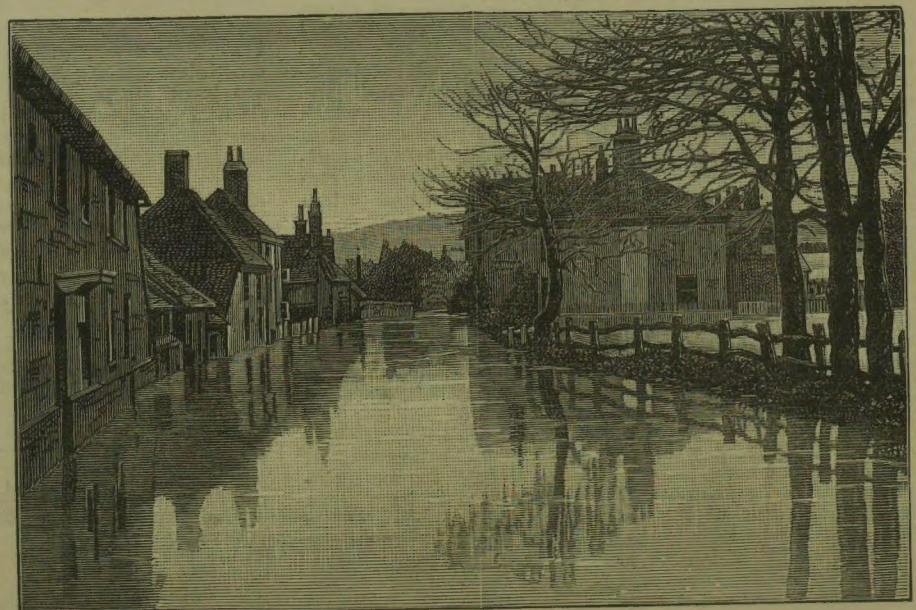
brought down floods spreading eight or ten miles; the village was inundated; the basements of the houses were several feet deep in water, and the inhabitants were confined to their upper rooms, some taking their pigs and poultry up there with them. Boats were used to carry them provisions, and to convey passengers to and fro between Beeding and Bramber. A lady resident at Steyning, Miss Wood, has obliged us with photographs of the scene at Bramber. Among the distressed animals, while the ground was thickly covered with snow, and frozen hard underneath, the deer in Richmond Park would have suffered from want of pasture, but a cart was regularly sent with a load of chopped Swede turnips. A space being cleared here and there, this food was fairly distributed to separate groups of the poor creatures, which hastened eagerly to devour it, as shown in the sketch by a kindly artist, who "wishes them a more congenial time, when the grass and trees will again be in the verdure of summer." Many fine old oaks, cedars, and chestnuts in Richmond and Bushey Parks have lost some of their branches, and the shrubs in Kew Gardens have suffered. In North Yorkshire, in the Malton district, fox-hunting and the training of horses have been almost stopped for weeks past.



FEEDING THE DEER IN RICHMOND PARK DURING THE LATE SEVERE WEATHER.

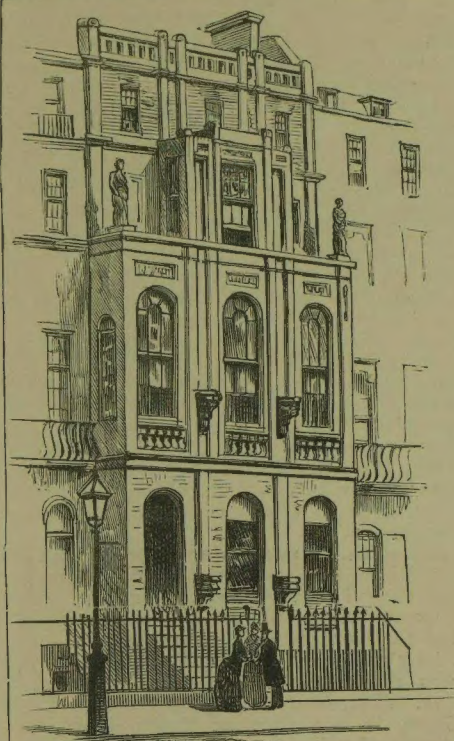


FLOODS AT BRAMBER, SUSSEX.

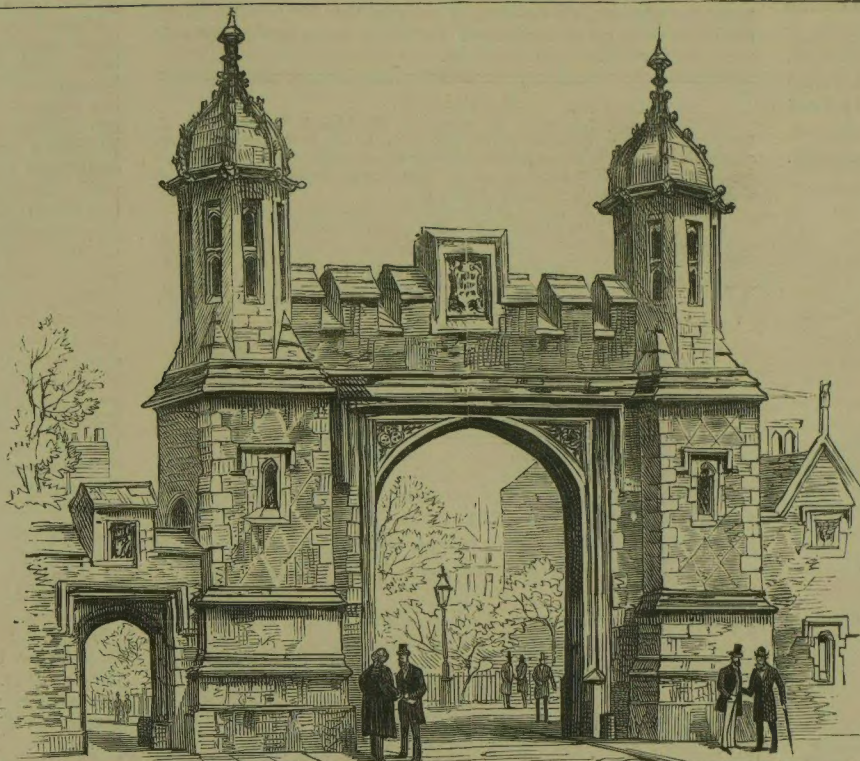


FLOODS AT BRAMBER, SUSSEX.

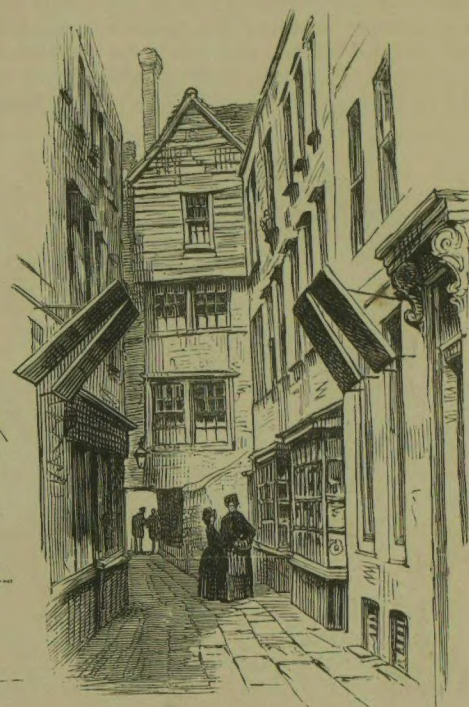




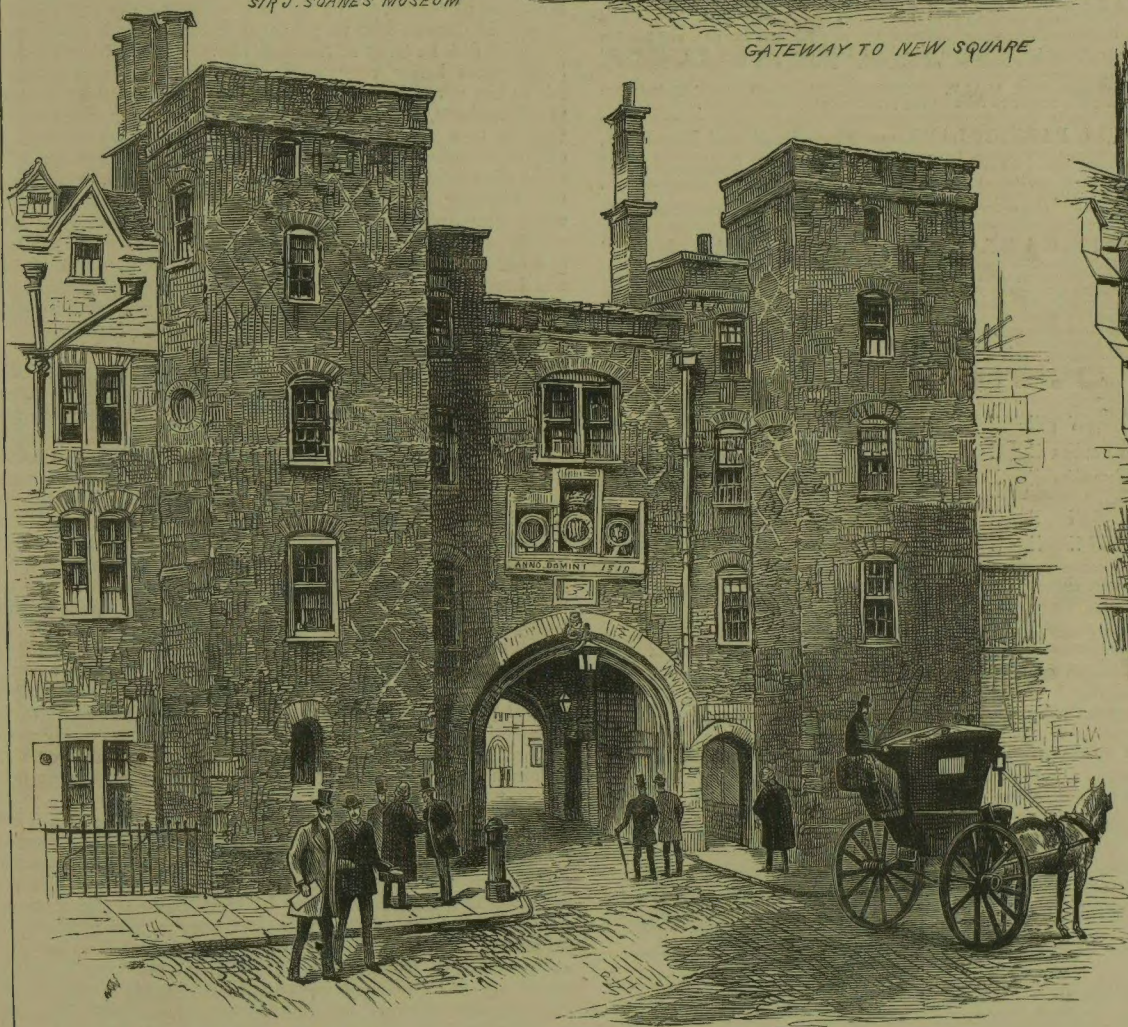
SIR J. SOANE'S MUSEUM



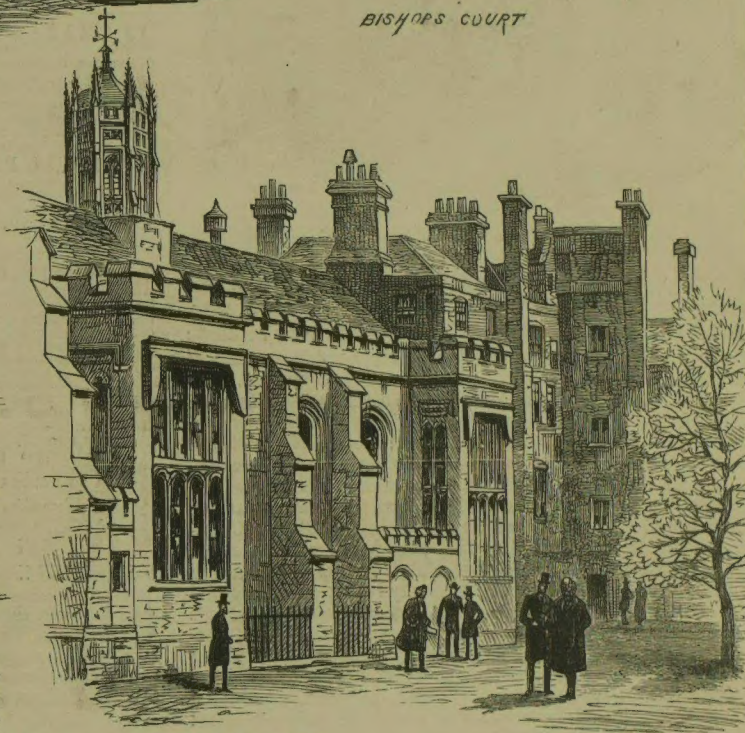
GATEWAY TO NEW SQUARE



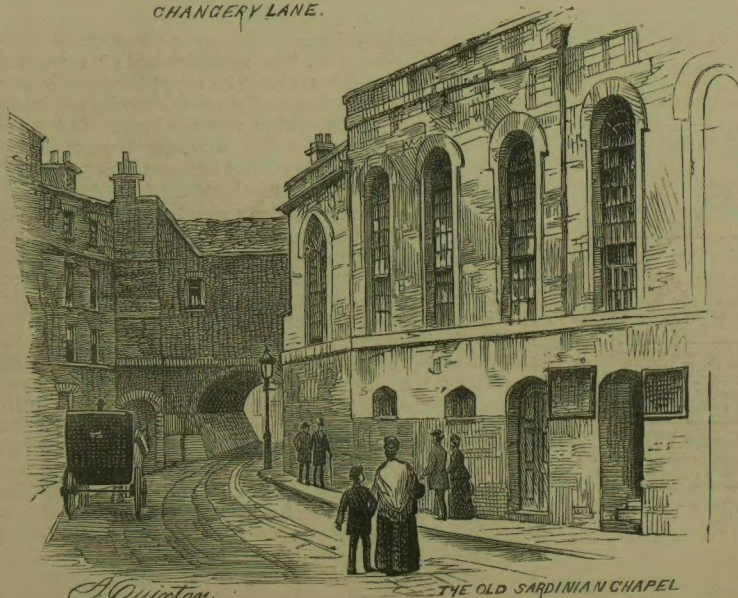
BISHOP'S COURT



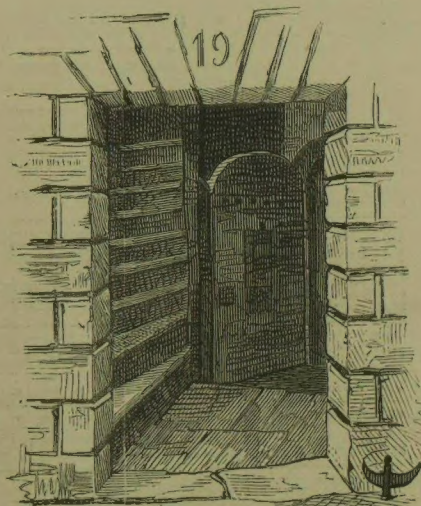
THE OLD GATEWAY  
CHANCERY LANE.



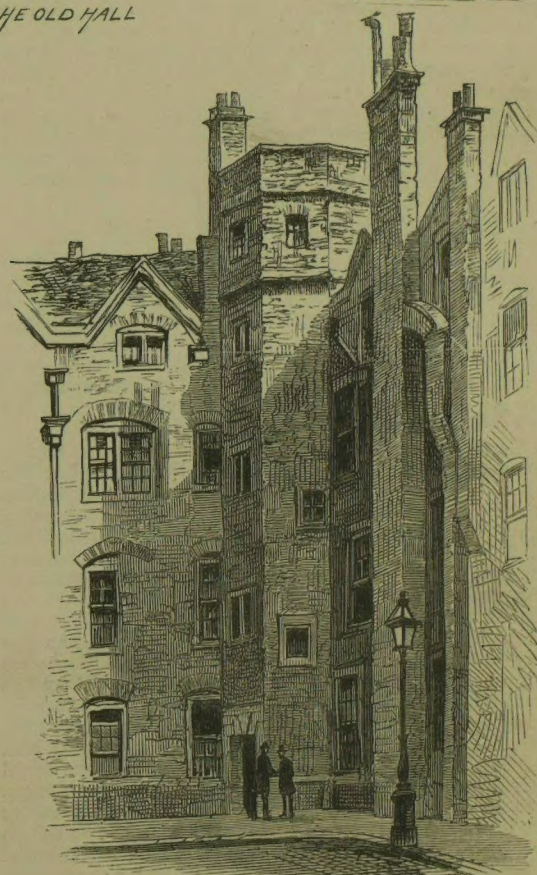
THE OLD HALL



THE OLD SARDINIAN CHAPEL



A DOORWAY

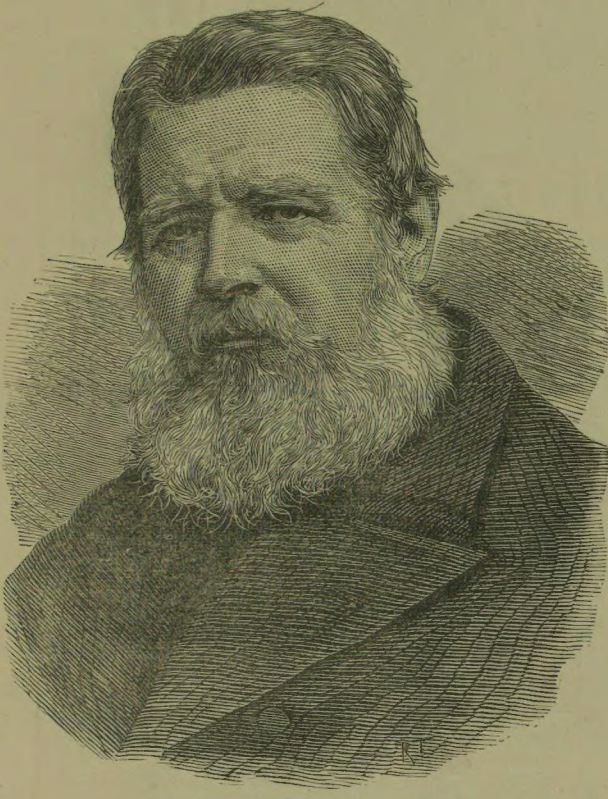


A CORNER IN OLD BUILDINGS



DEATH OF LORD IDDESLEIGH.

With deep regret, which will be shared by all our readers, we have to record the sudden death of the Earl of Iddesleigh, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs until within a few days of his demise, and one of the most deservedly honoured leaders of the Conservative party. His Lordship, whose loss will be sincerely mourned by all parties, had only come up from Devonshire on Tuesday evening to hand over the seals of the Foreign Office to the Marquis of Salisbury. He proceeded to Downing-street to perform this duty on Wednesday afternoon, and it was whilst he was going up-stairs to see the Prime Minister that he fainted, and had to be conveyed to Lord Salisbury's room, where he expired. A noble life of unselfish devotion to his country thus came to a painful termination.



THE LATE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.

Born on Oct. 27, 1818, the distinguished statesman, who is best known as Sir Stafford Northcote, was in his sixty-ninth year. He will be long and honourably remembered as the intimate colleague and right-hand man of the late Lord Beaconsfield, whom he succeeded as Leader of the House of Commons. Sir Stafford Northcote's invaluable services during the Alabama arbitration, in the course of which, by his native courtesy and good feeling, he did much to improve the relations of England and the United States, stand as a lasting monument of his statesmanship. As Sir Bernard Burke concisely states in his "Peerage," Sir Stafford Northcote became President of the Board of Trade in 1866-7; Secretary of State for India, 1867-8; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1874 to 1880; on his elevation to the Peerage last year as the Earl of Iddesleigh he was appointed by Lord Salisbury First Lord of the Treasury; and, on the return of the noble Marquis to power this year, Lord Iddesleigh was named Foreign Secretary. It was eminently characteristic of the Earl of Iddesleigh's gentle spirit that, much as his friends regretted his retirement from the Foreign Office, no complaint was uttered by him. Indeed, in what must have been one of his last letters, that in which he acknowledged the receipt of a sympathetic message from the Exeter Conservative Working Men's Union, he considerably said:—"While I regret that circumstances have rendered it, in my opinion, necessary for me to resign the office of Foreign Secretary which I have held since the formation of the Cabinet, I can assure my friends that my retirement is not due to any political differences with my colleagues, and that I hold as heartily as ever to the great Conservative cause in which we—the men of Exeter—have so long been fellow labourers."

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

So many things have happened to complicate the political situation since Lord Randolph Churchill felt bound to resign the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer that the meeting of Parliament is looked forward to with more than ordinary interest. It may clear the air. The formal explanations of the noble Lord the member for South Paddington in the House will, at any rate, dispose of some of the contradictory rumours set afloat by highly imaginative writers as to the reasons for his retirement from the Ministry.

His Lordship could have had no more tactful successor as Leader of the Commons than Mr. W. H. Smith, the delicacy of whose new and arduous task rendered it advisable for the right hon. gentleman to surrender the Secretaryship for War, and to fill the less onerous post of First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Goschen, being rightly accredited with a genius for finance, and being the direct "Unionist" representative of Lord Hartington into the bargain, manifestly adds to the strength of the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury by joining it as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The right hon. gentleman has gallantly entered the lists as candidate for the Exchange Division of Liverpool, where he will be supported by the Conservatives and by the Liberal Unionist Association, but he is opposed by Mr. Ralph Neville as the Gladstonian Home Rule candidate. It has been an "open secret" that a palpable hint was dropped to Lord Cross that the shuffling of the Ministerial pack would have been further facilitated by his resignation. The Secretary for India had, however, too much backbone to take the hint. Less firmness, or more amiability, was shown by Mr. Edward Stanhope, who is supplanted at the Colonial Office by that exceedingly able and efficient Conservative Minister, Sir Henry Holland.

The extraordinarily warlike warning forcibly given by Prince Bismarck to France and to bellicose General Boulanger has naturally concentrated public attention in this country mainly upon the resumption by the Marquis of Salisbury of the absorbing duties of Foreign Secretary. With Europe armed to the teeth, with rival nations vaunting the destructiveness of melinite shells and magazine rifles, the Prime Minister may not unreasonably desire to direct negotiations with Foreign Powers at this juncture

himself. Hence the resolve of the noble Marquis, before the lamentable occurrence of Wednesday, to resume the burden of the Foreign Office.

At this crisis no one can fail to wish some good may result from the friendly conference round a table of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan, as representing the "Unionist" section of the Liberal Party, with Lord Herschell, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley, the authorised representatives of Mr. Gladstone, on this vexed question. We were the earliest, we believe, to suggest the desirability of an amicable meeting of leaders of Parties to come to a reasonable settlement of the Irish Problem.

MARRIAGE.

On Wednesday, Jan. 5, at St. Michael's, Blackheath, by the Rev. B. Baring Gould, M.A., Leonard, second son of the late T. G. Waterhouse, Esq., of Sunningfield, Hampstead-heath, formerly of Adelaide, South Australia, to Louisa Caroline, only daughter of the late George Peter Harris, Esq., of Castle House, Shooter's Hill, and Adelaide.

\*<sup>a</sup>\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

Will be ready in a few days.

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(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF**  
MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the Littoral of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886-7, has much pleasure in announcing the Engagement of the following distinguished Artists:—

Madame Fides-Dorville, Monsieur Vergnet, Monsieur Devries, Monsieur Pavolieri, "Ludi-Bullini," "Tito D'Orazi," "Rappetto-Trisolini," "Talazac," "Frank-Duvernoy."

Who will appear in the undermentioned Grand Operas at the Theatre of Monte Carlo:—

AMLETO .. .. .	Tuesday, 18th, and Saturday, 15th January.
RIGOLETTO .. .. .	Tuesday, 25th, and Saturday, 22nd "
FAUSTO .. .. .	Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 29th "
LA TRAVIATA .. .. .	Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 5th February.
LUCIA .. .. .	Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 12th "
LA FAVORITA .. .. .	Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 19th "
LA SONNAMBULA .. .. .	Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 26th "
MERITA .. .. .	Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 5th March.
I PURITANI .. .. .	Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 12th "
DINORAH .. .. .	Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 19th "
ERNANI .. .. .	Tuesday, 29th, and Saturday, 26th "

**GRAND CLASSICAL CONCERTS**  
every Thursday, under the direction of Mr. Steck. Daily Concerts Morning and Evening, with distinguished Solo Performers.

**PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO.**  
These Bi-weekly Matches commenced Dec. 14, and will be continued every Tuesday and Thursday, terminating Jan. 13, 1887. Special Prizes are added to each of these events.

**GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.**  
Saturday, Jan. 15.  
Grande Poule d'Essai Prize. 2000*l.*, added to a pool of 100*l.* each.  
Tuesday, Jan. 18.  
Prix de l'Ouverture. An Object of Art, added to 100*l.* entrance.  
Friday, Jan. 21, and Saturday, Jan. 22.  
Grand Prix du Casino, an Object of Art, and 20,000*l.*, with 200*l.* entrance.  
Monday, Jan. 24.  
Prix de Monte Carlo. An Object of Art, and 3000*l.*, added to 100*l.* entrance.  
Thursday, Jan. 27.  
Prix de Consolation (Handicap). An Object of Art and 1000*l.*  
The Second Series of Matches will commence Feb. 1, and be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, closing on March 8; a Third Series, bi-weekly, commences March 13. Thursday, March 10, and Friday, March 11, the Grand Prix de Cloture, an object of art and 3000*l.*, added to 100*l.* entrance.

**FOX-HUNTING, COURSING, AND SHOOTING AT "CAP MARTIN" PRESERVES.**  
Cap Martin is situated about mid-way between Monte Carlo and Menton. Also Roe-Hunting, Pheasant, Partridge, Hare, and Rabbit Shooting. For particulars, apply to Mr. Blondin, Secretary of the Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.

**MONACO.**—Monte Carlo is 35 minutes from Nice, 22 hours from Paris, and 30 from London; it is situated south of the Alpes Maritimes, and completely sheltered from the north winds.  
The temperature in Winter is the same as that of Nice and Cannes, and similar to that of Paris in the months of May and June; and in Summer the heat is always tempered by the sea breezes. The walks are surrounded by palm-trees, aloes, cactus, camelias, and nearly all the floral kingdom of Africa.

**SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.**  
This is continued during all the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hotel des Bains.  
The following superior first-class hotels are recommended:—The Grand Hotel de Paris, and the Grand Hotel des Bains, the Grand Hotel Victoria, the Grand Hotel des Anglais, the Grand Hotel, the Grand Hotel de Monte Carlo. There are also other comfortable Hotels—viz., the Hotel de Russie, Hotel de Londres, Hotel Windsor, Hotel du Colonel, Hotel de la Terrasse, Hotel Beau Rivage, Hotel des Princes, &c. Furnished Villas, and Grand Apartments, fitted up with every elegance and luxury; and others, with less pretensions and suitable to all purses, can be procured.

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**FAUST.—LYCEUM.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST at Eight punctually. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**MATINEES.—FAUST.—TO-DAY (Saturday), JAN. 15,** at Two o'Clock. Box-office now open.—LYCEUM.

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NEWLY-DECORATED, NEW SCENERY, &c.  
Success beyond parallel of the

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which will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT,  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.  
Doors open at 2.30 and at 7.30.

LINCOLN'S INN.

From Henry De Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who died in 1312, and whose mansion stood in the lane going north from within Temple Bar to the banks of the stream called the Old Bourne—now the street called Holborn—this Inn of Court, one of the "Hospitia Majora" of English law students when Chief Justice Fortescue wrote "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ" in Henry VI.'s reign, has derived its local habitation and its name. The ancient lane, as everybody knows, is our familiar Chancery-lane; and here stands the old Tudor Gothic red brick gate-house, built in the reign of Henry VIII. It may be remembered that some months ago a petition was presented by some of the members of Lincoln's Inn to the Benchers, asking them to preserve, from the destruction threatened by the rebuilding operations, then going on, the old Gate-house of Lincoln's Inn fronting Chancery-lane, and the adjoining chambers southward. That request having been complied with, the Society of Arts have now obtained leave to place on the house No. 24, adjacent to the gateway, a memorial tablet directing the public to the residence in the time of the Commonwealth of Mr. Secretary Thurloe. The tablet will probably be placed on the Chancery-lane side of the house. In the chambers occupied by Thurloe, at No. 24, Old-square (formerly called Gate-house-court), much of the business of the nation at that period was transacted, and many of the "Thurloe State Papers" were discovered there. There also he was visited by Milton, the Foreign Secretary, Cromwell, Speaker Lenthall, and all the great men who espoused the Commonwealth. Sir Matthew Hale lived in the Gate-house itself. These references to the historical associations of Lincoln's Inn have already disturbed chronological order; and this would be still more confused by following, as they stand on our page of Sketches, the dates of these particular "Bits of Old London" which may be found in the precincts and vicinity; wherefore the reader must pardon a rambling dissertation.

The Old Hall of this Inn, a Tudor building, with Gothic windows, high-pitched roof and turret above, and projecting buttresses, was erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It would look more like a contemporary of the Gate-house but for its external coating of stucco. The hall inside, 70 ft. long and 30 ft. wide, had a fine open roof of oak, which was replaced in the nineteenth century by a common ceiling. Here, in our time, sat the High Court of Chancery. Here, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and indeed, as one sang, of "Eliza and our James," the members of the Inn used to hold their revels at Christmas and at Candlemas, and at other festive seasons, to sing glees and madrigals, to join in dances, and to perform masques and plays, as they likewise did in Gray's Inn and the Temple, which Bacon and Shakespeare knew very well. The dancing was obligatory, for in the seventh year of James I. it is recorded in an order of the Benchers, "the under-barristers were by decimation"—that is to say, a tenth of their number, taken by lot—"put out of commons," or excluded from the dinner-table, "for example's sake, because the whole Bar were offended by their not dancing, according to the ancient order of the Society, when the Judges were present." We should like to see the whole of the Bar compelled to dance, in their wigs, bands, and gowns, before the whole Bench of Judges. Lord Halsbury and Lord Coleridge should foot it off in the foremost rank; for does not the poet Gray inform us of a merry time, when—

The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,  
The seals and maces danced before him?

And did not Sir Christopher Hatton dance himself into the Lord Chancellorship through the graces of his Queen? Marry come up! the learned Fortescue, of an older period than Coke-upon-Littleton, bears witness that there was, "both in the Inns of Court and in the Inns of Chancery, a sort of academy or gymnasium, where they learn singing and all kinds of music, and such other accomplishments and diversions." We have, indeed, heard a little singing, with a kind of music, at the suppers in Hall after a call to the Bar, in the days of our own youth; "not so much," says old Fortescue, "to make the law their study, but to form their manners and to preserve them from the contagion of vice"; though he testifies of law students in his days, that "the greater part apply themselves to the study of the law." For their more profit in this study, when dinner was eaten, the junior member of each mess was required to propound some "moot point," a short statement of a case involving a legal question, which the others were to discuss over their wine or ale. Lincoln's Inn has a standing order of Edward VI.'s time, enjoining the practice of this rule, which is, for aught we know, neither repealed nor obeyed.

The New Hall and Library, a fine edifice but not a "Bit of Old London," was built forty years ago, and was opened by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. New-square was erected in the reign of Charles II., but was at first called Serle's-court, from a Benchers of that name; the gateway is much more new. Old-square has very recently been reconstructed in a more stately style; but in the square to the south of the Chapel, the "Old Buildings" of Gate-house-court show only four houses preserving the aspect of the seventeenth century; so much alteration has been effected.

The Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, associated in many thoughtful and religious minds with the preaching of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, was built soon after the old Hall. Its stained glass windows, richly coloured, display among other devices the motto of William III., "Je maintiendrai;" its carved oaken seats are of beautiful work. The crypt beneath is now being restored to its original use of a covered walk, or cloister, with a broad double arcade. This was the burial-place of members of the Inn, and here were laid William Pryne, Thurloe, and Baxter, eminent scholars of the Puritan Commonwealth. The chapel was re-opened, after enlargement, in April, 1883.

Among the most illustrious members of Lincoln's Inn was Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, author of "Utopia," the loyal Englishman but firm Catholic, beheaded by a cruel and hypocritical tyrant in 1535, and just now canonised at Rome as a Saint of the Church. During the reigns of the later Tudors and of the Stuarts, the Roman Catholics in England were forbidden to have chapels of their own; and those in London used to attend worship at the chapels of the foreign Ambassadors. The Ambassador of the Duke of Savoy, styled later the King of Sardinia, had his residence in Lincoln's Inn-fields, behind which, in Sardinia-street, formerly called Duke-street, entered beneath an arch, is "the old Sardinian Chapel," the Church of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia. The original chapel was partly destroyed by the Gordon riot mob in 1780, but was soon rebuilt. Lincoln's Inn-fields, one of the largest of London squares, with one of the finest gardens, contains public and private buildings of much interest; the College of Surgeons is the most important. The house on the north side occupied by Sir John Soane's Museum, which contains his valuable collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, sculpture, paintings, and architectural decorations, is decorated with two statues, and four capitals of Grecian columns, queerly cropped off their shafts. But as this museum was founded in 1837, it hardly demands a precise account in connection with the remaining features of Old London.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 11.

It is useless to conceal the fact: the Parisians are all talking about war. "Shall we have war?" "Will it be a winter campaign?" "No; the date of the second week in May has been fixed upon at Berlin." "For my part," adds another, "I do not believe we shall have war as long as the Emperor William is alive. It is true, he may die to-morrow." "I can tell you," says a well-informed witness, "that last week at a dinner-table, General Boulanger said, 'If I were in the place of the Germans, I should declare war at once, because every year that passes our strength is increasing.'" "It is incontestable that we are superior to the Germans in artillery; in general armament it remains to be seen who is the best. At any rate, at present we are having new rapid-fire guns made which are to render us invincible; in the army, our officers are working and training their troops just as if the war were to begin next week." If this war does take place, and it seems impossible to prevent it, except by a general disarmament and the restitution to France of her lost provinces, it will be a war of annihilation; and, if the Germans win, France will sink to the level of a country *déclassé* like Spain, and Paris will become comparable with Aix-la-Chapelle. Only this time there will be no division of opinion, and France will not accept defeat until she has lost her last man, and spent her last sou. It was noticeable the other day, when there was first talk about an immediate war, that there was no dissension in the press. The *Orléaniste Soleil*, the *Legitimist Gazette de France*, the *Imperialist Autorité*, and the irreconcilable *Intransigeant* were, for once, in harmony with the *République Française* and the moderate *Temps*. Furthermore, the men who will fight are the survivors of 1870—men who have seen service, and who have souvenirs which will give consistency to their efforts. "I have, at home," said an officer of the reserve to me yesterday, "a photograph of a group taken in 1867, when we were at school. We were twenty-one in that group. Seven of them were killed by the Germans in 1870-1871. We fourteen who remain demand nothing better than to avenge our lost comrades."

The Census returns for the year 1886 have just been published, and from them we find that the total of the population of France is 38,218,903, which shows an increase of 546,855 since the last Census—taken five years ago. In the preceding period of five years (1876-1881), the increase was greater—namely, 766,260. Fifty-eight departments show an increase of population, and twenty-nine others a decrease; the displacement of the population is in favour of the great centres. In 1881 the population of Paris was 2,269,023; in 1886, the population was 2,344,550; or, in other words, an increase of 75,527 inhabitants only, as compared with the increase of 280,217 noted in 1881. The population of the suburbs of Paris has increased by 86,233 since 1881, and now amounts to a total of 616,539. Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles have also seen their population increase. In all, there are fifty-three towns in France with more than 30,000 inhabitants.

The Chambers met this afternoon for the first time after the Christmas holidays, and the Parliamentary stupidities of last year are therefore about to recommence. It appears that the hostility between the Right and the Left will continue, and the moderate Republicans will march hand in hand with the most violent Radicals against the Conservatives, who will not admit that they are powerless. There seems no likelihood of conciliation and of the union of the moderate Conservatives with the moderate Republicans, which would alone form a durable and reasonable constitutional centre.

There has been some talk, this week, about the proposed transfer of the remains of Gambetta to the Panthéon. The great orator's remains are safer in their modest grave on the shore of the Mediterranean, and amongst the roses of Nice, than they would be in the vaults of the Panthéon. For some months past, a shed and scaffolding have encumbered the Place du Carrousel; and inside that shed is being erected the Gambetta memorial monument. For Paris this is enough; and who knows how long this monument will be allowed to subsist?

T. C.

The Portuguese Cortes having been dissolved, the new elections will take place at the end of next month and in March, and the Cortes will reassemble at the beginning of April.

The German Emperor and Empress gave a state dinner party on Friday, the 7th inst., the guests including the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (on the wing for Paris and the Riviera), the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess, Princes William and Henry, Princess Victoria, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Princess William was unable to be present.—The German Army Bill came on for discussion on Tuesday in the Reichstag. The President reported that none of the proposals of the measure had obtained a majority in Committee. Count Von Moltke moved the second reading of the bill, and said if it was rejected they would most certainly have war. The army alone rendered possible the protection of all the other political institutions. Subsequently, Prince Bismarck addressed the Assembly. He said they were bound to maintain for this part of the globe the blessings of peace, for which, above all, they needed a strong army. The Chancellor spoke of the "cordial relations" of Germany with Austria, and of the "good relations" with Russia. The German Government would not allow itself to be induced by anyone to make an enemy of Russia for the sake of Bulgaria. Their relations with France were more difficult to maintain, because a long historical process had to be accomplished before all differences could be conciliated. Under no circumstances would Germany attack France; but it was necessary that she should be so armed as to be equal to the contingency should war again break out; and the past taught them that they could not count upon peace with France as a permanency. The Government must now insist on their demand. We give in the next column the chief portions of these important speeches.

The Crown Prince Rudolph and the Crown Princess, who have been paying a visit to the favourite health resort of Abazia, in the south, returned to Vienna on Sunday morning.—The preliminaries of a new treaty of commerce between Austria-Hungary and Roumania have been agreed upon.

The Bulgarian Government, in a Circular Note addressed to the Powers, meets the charges made against it in the Note recently issued by M. De Giers, and expresses the firm resolve of the Bulgarians to defend their rights and autonomy.

It is announced from Calcutta that the Queen's Jubilee is to be celebrated throughout India on the 16th prox. Lord and Lady Rosebery have arrived at Calcutta, where they will be Lord Dufferin's guests at Government House.

The Executive Commission for the Centennial Exhibition to be held at Melbourne, Australia, in 1888, has been appointed. It consists of fifteen members, Mr. Higinbotham being president; Sir James M'Bain, Hon. Peter Lalor, Sir William J. Clarke, Bart., and Hon. F. Sargood, vice-presidents; and Mr. Lavater, secretary. The General Commission will be appointed later on.

THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.  
SPEECHES OF COUNT VON MOLTKE AND  
PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

The great event that everybody had been looking forward to in Berlin with the keenest interest came off on Tuesday—it was the debate on the second reading of the Army Bill in the German Reichstag. The two most important speeches were those of Count von Moltke and Prince von Bismarck. Both these speakers met with triumphant receptions from the crowd in front of the Reichstag on arriving at and leaving the House. After some little time had been spent on the introduction of amendments and so on, Count von Moltke rose and addressed the House as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—Nobody amongst us, I should imagine, deceives himself as to the seriousness of the times in which we are living. The Governments of all the great Powers are taking the strongest precautions in order to meet an uncertain future. Everybody is asking, Shall we have war? If in this political tension a State is in a position to work for the continuance of peace, it is Germany, who is not taking a direct part in the questions which are exciting other nations. It is Germany who, since the existence of the Empire, has shown that she does not want to attack any of her neighbours, if not compelled by any one of them to do so. In order, however, to play this difficult, perhaps thankless, rôle, Germany must be strong and armed for war. If the Government's demand be rejected, then I think, gentlemen, that we shall most certainly have war. The opinions of the House differ as to the duration of the grant. Now, I should like to remind you that the army can never be a provisional institution. It alone renders the existence of all other institutions in the country possible: political and civil freedom, the finances, and the State stand or fall with the army. Grants for short periods, gentlemen, are of no use. The basis of every efficient military organisation depends upon consistency and stability. New *cadres* only become really good in the course of a series of years. I may say that the eyes of Europe are to-day directed to this Assembly; to the resolutions which you will adopt in a matter of such extreme importance. I appeal to your sense of patriotism and beg you to accept the bill of the Government unabridged and without modifications. Show to the world that the nation and the Government are reunited, and that you, gentlemen, are ready for any sacrifice, even that of your opinions, when it is a question of securing the safety of our Fatherland."

At the commencement of Prince Bismarck's speech he denied that Germany was following any aggressive policy. "Since 1871," he said, "we have been endeavouring to consolidate ourselves. We have always followed a policy of reconciliation with the Powers against which we have fought. We have succeeded in this. So with regard to Austria, our relations with that Power are better than in the time of the Bundestag, better than at any previous period. They are based upon secure and mutual confidence. As to Russia, our relations with her are as friendly as ever, but from that circumstance no reason for voting against the bill can be deduced. By us these friendly relations with Russia will never be disturbed. Neither do I believe that Russia will attack us, or that she is looking for alliances against us. The fate of Bulgaria is totally indifferent to us; and it is the same with the question who shall rule there. I repeat what I have said already: The whole Eastern question is not worth to us the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. We will not have the cord thrown around our neck by anybody in order to draw us from Russia. When I read the German papers which attacked me because I did not begin a war with her on account of Bulgaria, I remembered the scene in 'Hamlet,' where the actor sheds tears for Hecuba. The friendship of Russia is much more important to us than that of Bulgaria and her friends in our country. The difficulty of maintaining peace lies in the relations between Austria and Russia. Our task is to mediate between both Powers, and to balance their conflicting interests. It is a rather difficult task; and we risk being regarded in Austria—and even more in Hungary—as Russian, and in Russia as Austrian. But we continue our efforts; and, if we succeed in them, we shall gladly tolerate this eventuality."

As to France, "I cannot say that our efforts to come to good terms had the same results as with Austria." After an historical review of events since Louis Quatorze, Prince Bismarck continued:—"We have no intention to begin the war. We don't want anything from France. In 1871 I hesitated a moment to take Metz; but I was told by military authorities that Metz was worth a hundred thousand men, and I took it; but, now, what shall we take from France? She has nothing that we could wish to have; and whoever says that we are willing to provoke a war with France tells a falsehood. Don't forget that in France not the majorities, but the minorities, are the deciding factor. I know that the present Government and the former Governments of M. De Freycinet and M. Ferry are peaceable; but who can say which party will be at the helm in the next twenty-four hours? I think we shall have a war with France. I cannot say whether in ten days or ten years. That depends upon how long the present Government remains in office. The possibility of preventing the war lies in our strength. As soon as France believes us to be inferior to her, she will attack us. Under these circumstances I cannot give assurances of peace. These would be nothing else but phrases. Have you ever heard that one French Minister had ventured to say openly: We submit to facts, and renounce Alsace-Lorraine? The danger from France is the reason for submitting this bill."

Prince Bismarck then discussed the chances of a war with France, pointing out that he did not think it probable, but not impossible, that Germany might be defeated. He was frank enough to say that if Germany were victorious she would not deal moderately with France, but would render her harmless for generations, and prevent her from concluding any more alliances. "The peace of 1871," he added, "would be child's play compared with that of, let us say, 1890." In the course of his remarks Prince Bismarck discussed the constitutional positions of the Government and the Parliament, and announced that the Government would immediately dissolve Parliament if the Bill were rejected or amended in any way.

A statue of the late Lord O'Hagan, subscribed for by English and Irish public men, was unveiled on Tuesday in the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin.

The annual exhibition of the National Peristerion Society was held at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, when a very choice selection of nearly every variety of pigeons was displayed.

The Budget Committee of the Danish Parliament having reduced the Estimates prepared by the Government by thirteen millions of crowns, the King on Saturday last dissolved the Folkething, and directed that the new elections should take place on the 28th inst.

Sir Patrick Jennings, the Premier of New South Wales, and the members of his Cabinet have tendered their resignation.—The third match between Shaw's Eleven and an Eleven of Australia was concluded at Sydney on Tuesday last, and resulted in a victory for the Englishmen by nine wickets.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

We are on the eve of the production of several very important plays, and some of them, no doubt, will give tone and character to the winter theatrical season. Sir Charles Young, I regret to say, was far too unwell to finish or produce the new drama that was to have followed "Jim the Penman" at the Haymarket, whereupon the valuable services of Mr. Harry Arthur Jones were secured for a comedy called "Hard Hit," to be produced next Monday, with an excellent cast, including Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, and Miss Marion Terry, who will be cordially welcomed back to the stage after her long and severe illness. By-the-way, a very important brief for the defence of "A Noble Vagabond," at the Princess's, has been placed in the able hands of Mr. William Archer, who will proceed to demolish and put to the rout all the critics who were not extravagantly fascinated with that curious work. Mr. Archer, from the first, boldly proclaimed the merits of the new melodrama by Mr. Jones, and professed to be deeply interested, whereas others were distracted by the superfluous energy and noisy violence that the drama called into play. It is by no means certain that the policy of keeping the drama steadily on the boards and, at least, giving it a fair chance after a dreadful week of snow, slush, fog, and Christmas pantomimes, was not the correct one, after all. "The Noble Vagabond" is certainly becoming popular, and justifying the faith of all who from the first strenuously upheld its merits. Here we have, then, a striking example of the managerial folly that allows its weekly expenses to be so excessive as not even to allow for the margin of a week's business of snow or accidental bad business. It comes to this, that unless a new play begins to make a profit the night after it is produced it is a useless property, and the sooner it is destroyed and put out of its misery the better for the pockets of all concerned. There must be something radically wrong here. Far too much money must be spent on the mounting of plays and on actors' salaries if a small margin of preliminary bad business cannot be allowed to any new production. In other words, there ought always to be floating capital in order to tide over bad times, as there is in any other commercial undertaking. If "The Noble Vagabond" turn out a success, after all, much credit will be due to those who boldly backed their opinion.

The day after the Haymarket comedy we are invited to see a new farce at the Globe, where "The Pickpocket" has run its appointed time. Of course, both Mr. W. J. Hill and Mr. W. S. Penley will be in the cast of "Our Lodgers," by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Maurice De Verney, which is said to be founded on an old French vaudeville, "Ma Niece et Mon Ours," a plot that has been used before on more than one occasion. But that is immaterial, since Mr. Brandon Thomas has a rich gift of humour. For the purposes of the new play, Miss Blanche Horlock will be added to Mr. Hawtreys's company, the young lady who played so well in the light-comedy scenes of "Sister Mary."

By-the-way, a contemporary has made a little slip in stating that Mr. Leonard Boyne, who has only just arrived at the Vaudeville in the character of Tom Jones, was about to leave again. Mr. Boyne will certainly remain a member of Mr. Thorne's company during the run of "Sophia," and has been engaged for the next play appointed to follow Mr. Buchanan's comedy, whenever it may be wanted. Mr. Boyne's clever, intense, and sympathetic rendering of Fielding's hero has given the greatest satisfaction to all who have seen it. There is no affectation in his enthusiasm, or namby-pambyism in his passion. In certain vigorously-drawn dramatic characters Mr. Leonard Boyne is now what Mr. Charles Coghlan once was—we mean in the days of "Man and Wife," at the Prince of Wales's.

Having pointed out the error of another, I may, as well correct one of my own. A courteous correspondent has pointed out that it is not strictly accurate to say that Harry Payne never played any other character than that of clown. I find, on referring the question to Mr. Payne, that my correspondent is perfectly right. He played Charles the Wrestler, when Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was revived, for Mr. Scott Siddons at the Haymarket; and, again, when it was played by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Opera Comique.

Bright and clever acting very seldom goes begging in London, whatever pessimists may say to the contrary. The news has gone round that Mr. Daly's American farce, "A Night Off," goes uncommonly well at the Opéra Comique; and the statement is entirely true. Mr. Fred Kaye's imitation of Mr. James Lewes, the original professor, is the most extraordinary thing of the kind that has been seen for some time. To imitate an actor for a few minutes is an ordinary device; but to play a long part, sustaining the recollection of every grimace and bit of business, is no ordinary feat. The showman of Mr. J. D. Beveridge is also an excellent specimen of comic acting; and the young people get out of their difficulty remarkably well, seeing that they follow Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and John Drew—an imitable trio. This funny play will certainly attract attention until Miss Kate Vaughan is ready with her excellent and well-chosen company, prepared to give us old comedies in first-class style.

The long-expected date for the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera at the Savoy is fixed for Saturday, Jan. 22. But the authors have not yet decided on a title, though the cast of characters has long since been published.

At Mrs. Nye Chart's pretty and excellently managed theatre at Brighton I had the pleasure of seeing the other evening a really capital pantomime for children. I mean a pantomime of the good old pattern, with plenty of fairy story, fun, jokes, fanciful business, and a wonderful giant! The charming singing of Miss Conyers and her graceful acting contributed not a little to the success of the immortal "Jack and the Bean-Stalk"; and in the course of the evening we were introduced to the two funny German eccentrics, called "Stebb and Trepp," who have considerably excited the Brighton public. They certainly ought to be seen at the Alhambra, where "Oh! Susanna!" would be as popular as the eccentric battle between the "Two Macs." No one who has the chance should miss seeing the Brighton pantomime, for, as we all know, this merry watering-place is now a London suburb. No one should forget that there is a train down to Brighton after the theatres on Saturday night—and a very jolly hour can be spent in it: it is a travelling Beefsteak and Garrick Club. When they serve an oyster supper in the Pullman cars, the idea will be as complete as it is original.

C. S.

In London 2804 births and 2127 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 284 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 232, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 104 from measles, 11 from scarlet fever, 9 from diphtheria, 17 from whooping-cough, 15 from enteric fever, 2 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, and 10 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 416, 436, and 573 in the three preceding weeks, further rose last week to 731, and exceeded the corrected average by 221.

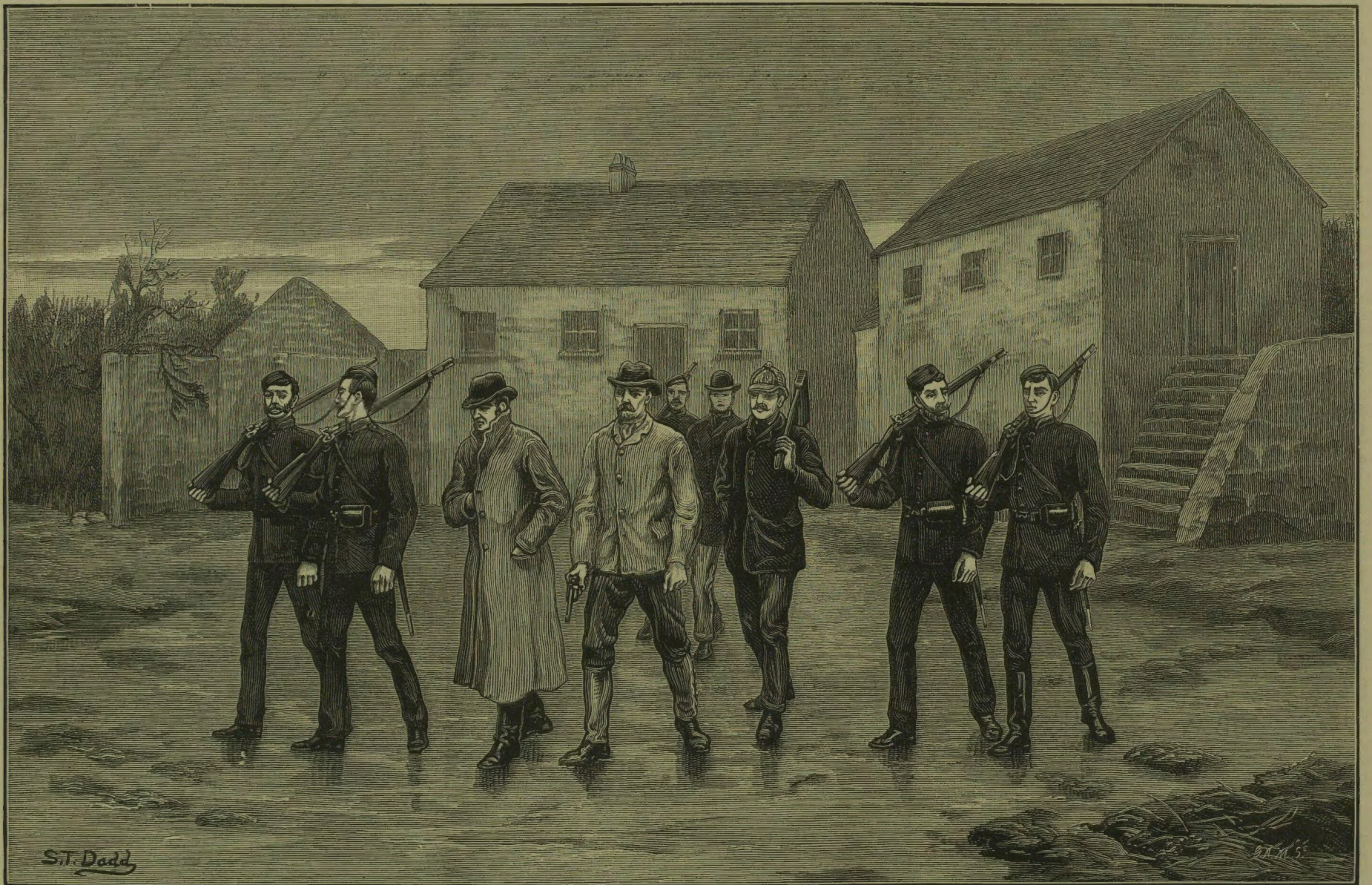




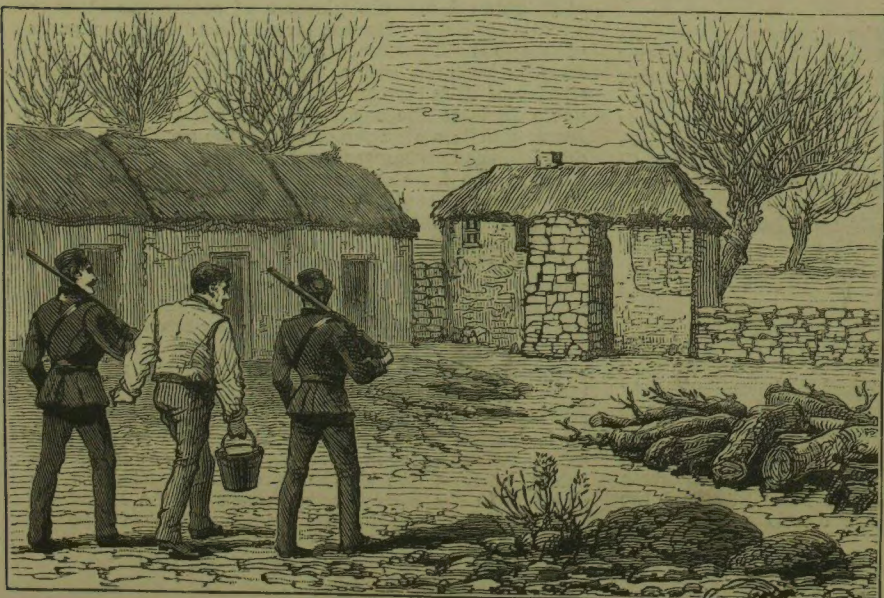
SERVING SUMMONSES ON THE CLANRICARDE ESTATE, WOODFORD, COUNTY GALWAY.



MR. WHELAN, LORD CLANRICARDE'S BAILIFF, UNDER POLICE ESCORT.



EMERGENCY MEN, WITH POLICE GUARD, STARTING IN SEARCH OF FUEL: SAUNDERS' FORT IN THE BACKGROUND.



HOUSE OF AN EVICTED TENANT, PAT CONROY, FORTIFIED BY THE POLICE.



EMERGENCY MEN WITH POLICE GUARD, FELLING TREES FOR FUEL.





SCENE AT AN IRISH EVICTION IN COUNTY KERRY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND.

It will be remembered that the operations of "the plan of campaign," in which the League of agrarian agitators seeks to get possession of money wherewith tenants could pay their rents, so that they may withhold payment unless the landlords grant fresh reductions, began at Woodford, in county Galway. The tenants of Lord Clanricarde's estate there have been at war with his Lordship's agents and with the officers of the law since last August, under the direction of Mr. John Roche, president of the Woodford branch of the "National League." They assembled tumultuously, upon several occasions in that month, to offer forcible resistance to the county sheriff, the bailiffs, and the police, coming legally to take possession of the tenements of defaulting tenants. At Drumeen, on Aug. 27, the house of Thomas Saunders was found to be strongly barricaded; the bailiffs ascended by scaling-ladders, and were assailed by twenty or thirty men on the roof with showers of boiling water, lime, and stones, by which many were seriously hurt. The chapel bell of the village was rung, horns were blown, and the priest, Father Egan, was looking on at the fray. At the Connaught Winter Assizes, at Sligo, on Dec. 29, before Chief Baron Palles, eleven of the rioters who defended "Saunders' Fort" were tried; five were convicted of actual violence, and four of aiding by their presence. Twenty-five others were found guilty of similar offences committed at Ballynakilly and other places on Lord Clanricarde's estate. The Judge gave sentence on Wednesday week, condemning five of the prisoners to eighteen months' imprisonment, twenty-six of them to twelve months' imprisonment, and ordering five to be bound over to keep the peace for three years, or to go to jail for six months.

Chief Baron Palles further observed that on four different days the sheriff proceeded to Woodford to execute writs from the High Court of Justice, accompanied by 250 police and a large number of district inspectors, acting under the command of two county inspectors, two resident magistrates, and with 200 military. The sheriff and his bailiffs were assaulted in the discharge of their duty upon each occasion. During that time the Royal Irish Constabulary, standing there under the orders of the county inspectors, moved not. No order was given for one whole hour; the officers of the Queen were attempting to execute her Majesty's writ; there were breaches of the peace, in gross and open violation of the law, and in contempt of the authority of the Queen and her mandate to the sheriff, in the presence of the constabulary forces, who did nothing. At the conclusion of that period, orders were given them by the resident magistrate, and then they performed their duties with promptitude and courage, but with remarkable patience and forbearance; for of the many thousands who formed the riotous mobs, there was no injury suffered by any. In the observations he now made, he excluded all reference to the military, for their officers were bound to wait for the command of the civil authority. He refrained from referring to the subordinate officers, the district inspectors, the sergeants and the men of the constabulary, for they were bound to wait for the orders of the county inspector. His observations pointed to the two county inspectors, and the two resident magistrates, provided they were acting upon their own responsibility. He took leave to say that in point of law no illegal order or an unconstitutional order given by an officer (he cared not how high he be), Inspector-General, or, to go higher, Under-Secretary or Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, could justify any man in the violation of the law. He was bound to say that if an indictment were at trial before him now against these two county inspectors and these two resident magistrates—however he might have been satisfied that they were actuated by the best motives—he could not have withdrawn the evidence from the jury. They had been guilty of an indictable offence, in his opinion, upon the admitted facts, and he hoped that this matter would have the consideration it deserved from persons in high authority; the execution of decrees of the judiciary did not depend, in any civilised country, upon the will of the executive who for the moment might happen to be in office. In the execution of their writs they could allow to enter no question of party politics. If the law be wrong, let that law be altered by the Legislature, and the Judges were bound to bow at once and carry out the altered law, but the Judge could not look beyond the law.

Our Special Artist in Galway furnishes sketches of different scenes in the neighbourhood of Woodford; the serving of summonses; the police escort taking care of Mr. Whelan, the only remaining bailiff on the estate of the Marquis of Clanricarde; a view of "Saunders' Fort," with the "Emergency men," sent to Galway by the Property Defence Association, issuing forth, under guard of the police, to cut trees for fuel; and the house of an evicted tenant, Pat Conroy, fortified and occupied as a station of the Royal Irish Constabulary. From the same Artist, lately in County Kerry, we received the sketch of a scene, already mentioned, at an eviction there: the incident of the old man leaving his home with his little grandchild. General Sir Redvers Buller, who held command of all the police in Kerry and Clare, with the authority of divisional magistrate, during three months preceding December, was called as a witness in the Dublin Police Court, along with Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, on Friday (yesterday) week by the defendants under Government prosecution, Messrs. John Dillon, M.P., W. O'Brien, M.P., Matthew Harris, M.P., Redmond, M.P., and Sheehy. The object in calling them was to prove that the Government officials had thought fit to put some pressure on certain landlords to make abatements of rent, which might serve as an argument that the "plan of campaign" could not be an unlawful conspiracy. Neither the Chief Secretary, however, nor General Buller, could be got to make any important admissions. The defendants are committed for trial.

A circular has been issued by the Local Government Board to the clerks of vestries and district boards of the metropolis, containing suggestions in regard to methods of providing work for the unemployed. Attention was specially directed to works required in the various districts, and to the condition of the streets.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Dorchester (Mr. and Mrs. Pope) gave a juvenile fancy dress ball at the Townhall on Wednesday evening. The company numbered about 150, and many of the dresses were of a handsome and picturesque description. The hall was tastefully adorned and brilliantly lighted. The festivity, which is a novel occurrence in Dorchester, was most successful.

The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital took place on Tuesday, and consisted of a performance by the Grenadier Guards' Minstrel Troupe. The programme, which was exceedingly well arranged and splendidly carried out, gave immense pleasure to a very large audience, the efforts of Lieutenant Count Gleichen, Lieutenant-Colonel Ricardo, Captain F. C. Ricardo, Lieutenant Nugent, Lieutenant A. W. Cotton, and others being rewarded by frequent laughter and applause. The evening concluded with the National Anthem, and a vote of thanks to the troupe for their valuable services.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The amusing title which the artist representing *The Illustrated London News* in Burmah gave to the women there in one of the sketches published last week ("The Real Ruler in the Land") can only be appreciated by those who know something of the position of women in our new territory. This is in striking contrast to the enslaved and immured condition of Indian women generally. The streets of Mandalay, and other Burmese towns, have women walking about in them, unveiled and prettily attired, as freely as English women walk in London. Most of the Burmese women are clever and capable, and have their hands full of business. In many cases, amongst the lower classes, the husband stays at home and attends to the house-work, while the wife does the remunerative out-door labour. In the higher classes, the women are generally consulted about their husbands' business affairs, and as much weight is given to their opinion as if they were partners in the firm. The result of all this is that the Burmese women, as a body, hold such a position as to be generally recognised by foreigners as prominent and important members of the State—in short, as "the real rulers in the land."

It is customary in Burmah for a man to take to wife a woman older than himself. This practice, which no doubt had its origin in observation of the overcrowding caused by the early marriage of Hindoo girls, in its turn causes and explains the influence and authority allowed to Burmese wives. In England, men commonly marry girls considerably younger than themselves; and this may account for the patent fact that many gentlemen continue to treat their wives all through life as little more than children—as they, in fact, were when they were wedded. We are apt to forget that when a man of thirty marries a woman of twenty, he has had half as many years again as she has had in which to gain wisdom, knowledge of life and character, and stability of mental constitution. He ought, therefore, to be the wiser and steadier of the two from this cause alone, not to mention also his usually better education, and the well-known, unquestionable, and inalienable superiority of his sex.

Good, brave, generous and civilised men may make laws designed to protect women from the cowardly savage ruffians whom the stronger sex yet, alas! includes; but those laws will come to naught if the disposition of the man to whom their administration is entrusted be such as to lead him to sympathise with the scoundrel assailant rather than with the mangled victim. The inadequate penalties inflicted by magistrates, in cases of assaults upon women, not infrequently give cause for surprise and indignation. But it is long since so crying an outrage upon law and order was perpetrated, from the very seat of justice, as in the sentence passed by Mr. Edlin the other day on a brute, in the shape of a man, who cut a watch-dog's throat, broke into a house, made a violent attempt upon the person of a poor woman whom he found there alone, and finally, enraged by her resistance, attempted to murder her with two stabs in the throat. This remorseless ruffian, guilty of four distinct offences against society, each one of the most serious character, was sentenced to—*six months' imprisonment!* This is how the laws of England, in Assistant Judge Edlin's hands, protect the property, the honour, and the life of women.

So gross a scandal should not pass with only a few words of indignation. If the Sovereign still possessed the irresponsible power of removing Judges, surely we might, without hesitation, appeal to the Queen to see that the laws which abundantly exist for the protection of her Majesty's subjects of her own sex shall not be thus cruelly and cynically made a nullity. But, as we all know, a part of the constitutional struggle for the freedom of our nation raged around the once-existing power of the Crown to dismiss Judges, who then held office by the Royal will; and by the famous Act which placed the line of Brunswick on the Throne, it was declared that only on petition from both Houses of the Legislature should a Judge be removed from the Bench for bad behaviour. Does this apply also to the Assistant Judge of the Sessions Court? If so, the duty of the Home Secretary is clearly to bring this scandal and outrage on justice before the House of Commons; while if Mr. Matthews have authority in the matter himself, I think few people will doubt that his duty is equally clear and stern.

Only a sense of duty on my part leads me to bring so shocking a subject before my readers. But in this age, when private beneficence can do so little and law so much to cure or prevent misery, the benevolence of ladies cannot evade the obligation to care for the laws under which their poor sisters live, and the way in which those laws are administered. In George Meredith's "Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt," one urges the ladies not to leave their "sheltered walks" for "the outer ways, how rough, how vile!" But the ladies make answer—"We hear women's shrieks on them." Where poor, helpless women are suffering, can the ladies of the class that has influence "pass by on the other side" with a quiet conscience?

But it is a relief to turn to a brighter subject. Brilliant as is often the scene on Drury-Lane stage, I never saw those boards present a more attractive aspect than on Twelfth Night, on the occasion of the centenary celebration of "the cutting of the Baddeley cake." The old actor, who died a hundred years ago, bequeathing a small sum of money to provide a Twelfth Cake annually for the consumption of the company employed at Drury-Lane Theatre, would, indeed, have opened his eyes if he had seen this year the long rows of tables set out, and the supper with which they were spread. "The company of Drury-Lane," of course, were present. There was Miss Dot Mario in ruby plush, and Miss Blande Brereton in grey faille Française, and the première danseuse in the antithesis of her ordinary costume on those boards—viz., in a long trained robe of scarlet broché; and the children's favourite clown wrapping his portly form in a long fur-lined overcoat. Besides these there were a crowd of representatives of the press, such as Mr. Broadley and Mr. G. A. Sala; actors from other theatres, such as Mr. Thomas Thorne and Miss Lottie Venne; patrons of the drama, like Earl Cairns and Sir G. Armitage; members of Parliament, such as Mr. Chaplin and Sir John Gorst; playwrights, like Mr. Gilbert; and musicians, like Mr. Ganz. A public performance of the animated scene that was displayed between the statue of her Majesty and the footlights would draw a large audience, if Mr. Harris could persuade his distinguished visitors to be severally prominently labelled.

It is only tantalising to know that one is in the midst of a throng of more or less famous people and not to be able to guess "who's who." In this age of advertisement, probably, any form of label that was not too obvious in its intention would be welcomed and worn with pleasure by many. One Peeress, of Jewish extraction, always in evenings carries her monogram and coronet in diamonds on the sticks of her fan; another titled lady wears and exhibits a broad gold band bracelet, with her initials upon it, conspicuously marked out in diamonds, in large Roman letters. Mrs. Langtry used to have her initials embroidered on the parasols beneath which she walked in the park. But a genuine label would be much more convenient than any of these devices, and not more plainly designed as a general announcement of identity. F. F. M.

## OBITUARY.

SIR FRANCIS BOLTON.

Sir Francis John Bolton, Colonel in the Army, the inventor of the system of telegraphic and visual signalling, died on the 5th inst. at Bournemouth. Born June 5, 1830, the son of Mr. Thomas Wilson Bolton, surgeon, of London and Manchester, he entered the Army in 1857, served for three years on the Gold Coast, and was subsequently on the Staff as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, and was attached to the Royal Engineers at Chatham. In 1881 he retired as Colonel. For his services and inventions he received knighthood in 1884, and held the appointment of Water Examiner under the Metropolis Water Act. He founded the Society of Telegraph Engineers, and was its honorary secretary from its formation in 1870. Sir Francis married, in 1866, Julia, daughter of Mr. R. Mathews, of Oaklands Park, Surrey.

SIR WALTER WATSON HUGHES.

Sir Walter Watson Hughes, late of South Australia, died on the 1st inst., at Fancourt, Chertsey, aged eighty-four. He was, early in life, a Master in the Mercantile Marine, and, having settled in South Australia in 1841, he became largely engaged in mining and pastoral pursuits. He was considered the "father" of the University of Adelaide, and shared in the expenses of explorations in the new country which he had made his home. Knighthood was conferred on him in 1880. Sir Walter, who was third son of Mr. Thomas Hughes, of Pittenweem, Fifeshire, married, in 1841, Sophia, eldest daughter of Mr. John Henry Richman, of Warnburga, South Australia.

MR. SAWBRIDGE-ERLE-DRAX.

Mr. John Samuel Wanley Sawbridge-Erle-Drax, of Holnest House, late of Charborough Park, Dorset, and Ellerton Abbey, in the county of York, J.P. and D.L., formerly and for several years M.P. for Wareham in the Conservative interest, died on the 5th inst. He was born Oct. 6, 1800, the eldest son of Colonel Samuel Elias Sawbridge, of Olantigh Tower, Kent, and assumed by Royal license, Aug. 13, 1828, the surnames of Erle-Drax, in consequence of his marriage in the preceding year with Jane Frances, only daughter of Richard Erle-Drax-Grosvenor, M.P., by Sarah Frances, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Edward Drax, of Charborough. By the great heiress of Charborough, who died in 1853, Mr. Sawbridge-Erle-Drax had two daughters, Maria Caroline, who died unmarried Aug. 18, 1885, and Sarah Frances Elizabeth, married first, in 1853, to Colonel Francis Augustus Plunkett Burton, Coldstream Guards, who died in 1865, and second, in 1871, to Mr. John Lloyd Egginton.

MR. WELD-BLUNDELL.

Mr. Thomas Weld-Blundell, of Ince Blundell, in the county of Lancaster, J.P. and D.L., died on the 3rd inst., at Lulworth Castle. He was second son of Mr. Joseph Weld, of that place, by his wife, the Hon. Elizabeth Charlotte Stourton, daughter of the sixteenth Lord Stourton, and was, consequently, nephew of Cardinal Weld. He succeeded, by will, to the extensive estates of Mr. Charles Robert Blundell, of Ince, and assumed the additional surname of Blundell. He served as High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1852. He married, Nov. 6, 1839, Teresa Mary Eleanor, youngest daughter of Mr. William Michael Thomas John Vaughan, of Courtfield, Monmouthshire, and leaves five sons and several daughters, of whom the third, Alice, is wife of Lord Lovat.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Serjeant Ballantine, the distinguished advocate, at Margate, in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. John Arthur Phillips, F.R.S., the eminent metallurgist, author of "The Elements of Metallurgy," on the 5th inst., aged sixty-four.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lorenzo Nickson Mosse, late of the 67th Regiment; entered the Army in 1858; served in China, at the surrender of Peking; and was for some time Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General for Musketry at Secunderabad.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Jolliffe, late Paymaster R.M. Light Infantry, on the 2nd inst., at Brockhurst, Gosport, in his sixty-seventh year. The eldest son of the late Colonel W. Jolliffe, R.M., he entered the Royal Marines in 1838, went through the Syrian campaign of 1840, and served with the Baltic expedition in the Crimean War.

The Rev. Samuel Hayman, M.A., Prebendary of Cork and Rector of Douglas, a gentleman of very considerable abilities, author of "The Annals of Youghal," and of many graceful essays. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Matthew Hayman, of South Abbey, J.P., and descended from an ancient family in the county of Cork.

Mr. Stephen Tucker, Somerset Herald, a very energetic and accomplished member of the College of Arms, on the 6th inst., in the Albany, Piccadilly, in his fifty-second year. He was son of Mr. Edward Tucker, of King's Nympdon, and grandson of Mr. William Tucker, banker, of Exeter, the representatives of an old Devonian family, which in its several branches produced some men of eminence. He married Rosalie Julia, daughter of the Rev. George Hounsfield, of Wadsley House, Sheffield, and Iddesleigh, Devon, who predeceased him, and by whom he had four children, two of whom survive him.

The Law Courts were reopened on Tuesday, when the Hilary sittings began.

An old woman who occupied a shop in Market-street, Greenock, recently became so enfeebled that she was persuaded by a missionary who visited her to go to the hospital. Before being removed she insisted on a tin box, which was underneath her bed, being taken with her. When the woman had been removed to the hospital she stated that in the room she had just left there was a bag containing £45 in notes, and she asked that it should be brought to her. The missionary procured the services of a legal gentleman, and searched the room. A bag was found, but it contained only £9 and some bonds and securities. The remaining £36 had, it is supposed, been abstracted. The tin box was afterwards opened, and was found to be full of gold coins, tied up in stockings. In one stocking alone there was found £400. The total amount discovered is said to be £2300.

The agent to the Duke of Bedford has intimated to all the farm and other tenants on the Bedfordshire estates that it is the Duke's intention to remit the whole amount of rent due for them in respect of the half year to Lady Day next.—At a rent audit of Earl Cowper's Herts estates, a remission of 15 per cent was made on the half year's rents, and a promise was given of a similar remission for the next half year.—Lord Dillon has granted an abatement of 20 per cent to all the tenants on his Mayo estates, and has moreover undertaken to reinstate the evicted tenants and to pay the costs.—At his half-yearly rent audit Sir R. Bulkeley, Bart., granted a remission of 10 per cent to the tenantry on his Anglesey and Carnarvonshire estates.—Lord Mostyn has intimated to his Cheshire tenants in Wirral that at the forthcoming audit he proposes to remit 10 per cent of the tithes, of which he is the lay impropiator.—Mr. A. Wilson, M.F.H., has returned 25 per cent to his East Yorkshire agricultural tenants.



## SEA-SONGS.

Now that the winter nights have drawn in, and hosts of musical young men and maidens delight themselves (and, let us hope, their simple audiences) at the modern sport of Penny Readings, a whole flood of sea-minstrelsy is poured out upon the land. The bold baritone—whom but the other day we saw blanched to a ghastly hue as the rocking boat bore him to Gravesend—now takes a noble revenge on the waves by singing their praises. Erect he stands, as one who faces a fierce nor'easter (reproducing as nearly as may be the favourite attitude of Mr. Santley), and trolls you forth "Jack's Yarn," or sings sturdily of those "Jolly Sailor Boys" who "love the ocean, with its change and its commotion, and the tumble and the tossing of the sea." The tenor warbles of love alone, caring little whether it be love maritime, martial, pastoral, or funereal; but of bass songs the clear half at least have been nautical, ever since the days of Henry Russell—by which I mean the days of "I'm Afloat"; for behold, the veteran is even now bringing out a brand-new patriotic ballad!

There are critics who would deny the influence upon genius of its surroundings, saying (for instance) that Switzerland, with its scenery, has produced no great poet or painter, and forgetting that Switzerland is so small and so recently civilised that it really never produced anybody very particular—except, indeed, the gentleman who shot at apples, and who was very likely a sun-myth. A much stronger example on the other side is Britain: which ought to have produced the finest sea-songs in the world—and, strange to say, *did*. I am not thinking, I admit, of the ditties of the Gravesend baritone before mentioned, but of the ballads of Campbell, Cunningham, Dibdin, Mickle: what else in the world's poetry is like them in their rush and reality!

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white sail rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys!

Where is the realism of Zola, compared to the salt smack of this?

Of course, one does not expect sea-songs of the classic poets; in their stay-at-home days, the ocean was looked upon as an unruly monster, to be avoided as completely as possible—a view of which I cannot but own the common-sense, having crossed the Channel myself. In those joyful times, even a bleak and solitary mountain was looked upon only as a terrible and gloomy thing, the very opposite of all beauty, which only lived in pleasant sunny gardens, or groves in which the shady did not approach the sombre; and the views of every poet were represented in the lines of the dapper Horace—who, with a curious infelicity, declared that the first sailor's breast must have been bound with triple brass. Surely a most Hibernian life-buoy, good Flaccus!

But even now-a-days, take the most nautical of foreigners, Victor Hugo, who had the advantage of living on a more or less English island: his pirates may be picturesque—but surely, surely they are shoddy! They are as bad as the intolerable seaman created (I grieve to own) by an English ex-middy—the William of Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan," who cannot speak you half a dozen words without bringing in a capstan, or a marlinspike, or some equally irrelevant object of the sea. "I look as lubberly as a Chinese junk under a jurymast," says he. "I'm afraid to throw out

a signal—my heart knocks against my timbers like a jolly-boat, in a breeze, alongside a seventy-four"; and so on, by the mile—or, perhaps I should say, by the knot!

Shakspeare did not write sailor-language so. Here is his one snatch of sea-song:—

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,  
The gunner and his mate,  
Love I Mall, Meg and Marian, and Margery;  
But none of us cared for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"—

Surely some commentator must have demonstrated that a thing so strong and racy as this was never written by Shakspeare—or, at the utmost, was produced by him in collaboration, say, with Ben Jonson!

For the most part, though, our comic songs of the sea will scarcely rank with "All in the Downs," or "Wapping Old Stairs"—"a ballad so sweet and touching," says Thackeray, "that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it." It is the pathos, and the vigour, and the genuine English life of them all that make sailor-songs live. Is not there a touch of Homer in—

Four-and-twenty brisk young fellows,  
Clad in jackets, blue array,  
Carried off poor Billy Taylor  
From his true love, far away!

In speaking of these songs of the sea have I ever, by any chance, used the word "English"? If so, I tremble and retract. The brawny Scot who stands out for "British"—to be applied, as the only allowable term, in cases when it is obviously impossible to say "Scottish" (as in speaking, for example, of Shakspeare): this stern patriot would be even more in the right than usual in this particular case. Nearly all of the very best of British sea-songs have been written by Scotchmen. There was Campbell, without a rival in any age, whose chants no Tyrtæus can ever equal, as no battlefield can have the poetry of the surging wave. There was Allan Cunningham, of the "Wet Sheet and the Flowing Sea"; and there was Thomson, of the "Seasons"—not that the "Seasons" can fairly be described as nautical, but that few people realise that he wrote anything besides that forgotten and unread poem; while fewer still associate him with "Rule Britannia"—to which magnificent melody he wrote the splendid and spirited words.

Another tune that everybody knows, while but few south-countrymen have ever heard the beautiful words—"braid Scots" this time, it must be owned—is Mickle's "There is nae luck about the house." Yet I think no other poem in the world gives like this one the excitement, and the passion, and the half-humorous bustle of the sailor's return, nor so brings before one the life of the little seaport town. Burns called it "one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots' or any other language"—and Burns himself might have written the cry, twice repeated—

And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;  
In troth I'm like to greet!

Yet, to the lowly Englishman, who is obliged to own that even "Rule Britannia" was not written south of the Tweed, it is a little consolation to remember that a Scotchman himself called the greatest sea-verses ever written by the name of "The Mariners of England"—that it is *their* flag which his

poetry shall celebrate, longer than the thousand years which it has braved the battle and the breeze: long as the English language (forgive a stubborn word which will not call it British!) is spoken, in its strongest forms, aboard the myriad ships which—

Sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow!

E. R.

A valuable contribution to the People's Palace for East London has been made by Mr. T. Dyer Edwards, who has promised to provide the large organ required for the Queen's Hall.

Mr. Bruce Joy has been commissioned to execute the statue for Bradford of Sir Matthew Wilson, Bart. The work will be in bronze, and will be placed on an open-air site in that town.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that during the past month 9939 emigrants of British origin, of whom 7105 were English, 1345 Scotch, and 1489 Irish, left the kingdom. Of these, 4897 went to the United States, 426 to British North America, and 3699 to Australasia. In December, 1885, 4680 went to the United States, 296 to British North America, and 2500 to Australasia; the total number of British emigrants being 8245. For the past year the total number of British emigrants was 233,119, the number for 1885 being 207,644.

American stories, until lately comparatively little known in England, have now increased and multiplied in this country to a remarkable extent. *A Year in Eden*, by Harriet Waters Preston (J. Fisher Unwin), in two volumes, adds to the list: for the "year" in its various seasons is spent in New England, and the characters are almost wholly American. The story is well told, and the reader's attention is attracted by the first chapter, which is an excellent piece of word-painting. Each individual character is very clearly defined, and the play of these characters upon each other is well conceived and carried out. The end of the book must necessarily cause a certain amount of disappointment to numerous readers, leaving, as it does, so many lives incomplete. Possibly the author may intend, by-and-by, to pick up her threads and to go on weaving. The heroines, Monza and Helen, are in exact contradiction the one to the other, and exercise a very unfortunate influence on Philip Winslow. The interview between Helen and her husband is an unpleasant, and, let us hope, an unusual scene between husband and wife, distinguished as it is by a selfish and cold brutality on the man's part. Poor Helen's last faint hope of living on, quietly striving to keep alight the flame of her mock belief of happiness, disappears surely from that moment. The two Miss Middletons are a charming old couple; the brothers, Arthur and Stuart, careful little studies of two perfect boys. Clementine Griswold is intensely amusing with her thoroughly well-intentioned, but deliciously vague and inconsistent, gossip. Mrs. Charles Raynor and her insular prejudices appear in certain moments with an amusing emphasis, and add zest to the progress of the story, which is also heightened by Monza's outspoken passionate sentiments and wayward independent actions. Modern atheism, and that half-educated and wholly enthusiastic religion of culture, plays a prominent part in the framework of the story, which passes with the seasons from the promise of spring, through the glow of summer, to the fleeting glories and fading leaves of autumn, finally closing with the frost and blight of winter.

# Pears' Soap

I have found it  
matchless for the  
hands and complexion

Adelina Patti

Since using Pears'  
Soap I have discarded  
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Adelina Patti

For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from  
redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the  
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M. Fortescue

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NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' Transparent SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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"I HAVE found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

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PEARS'  
Transparent  
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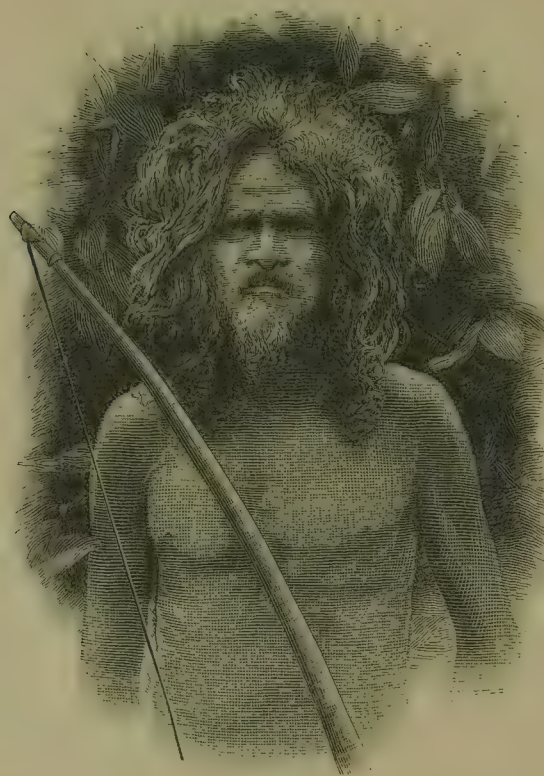
1s. each. Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.  
(The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)  
A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

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Transparent  
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TAMIL GIRL.



VEDDAH.



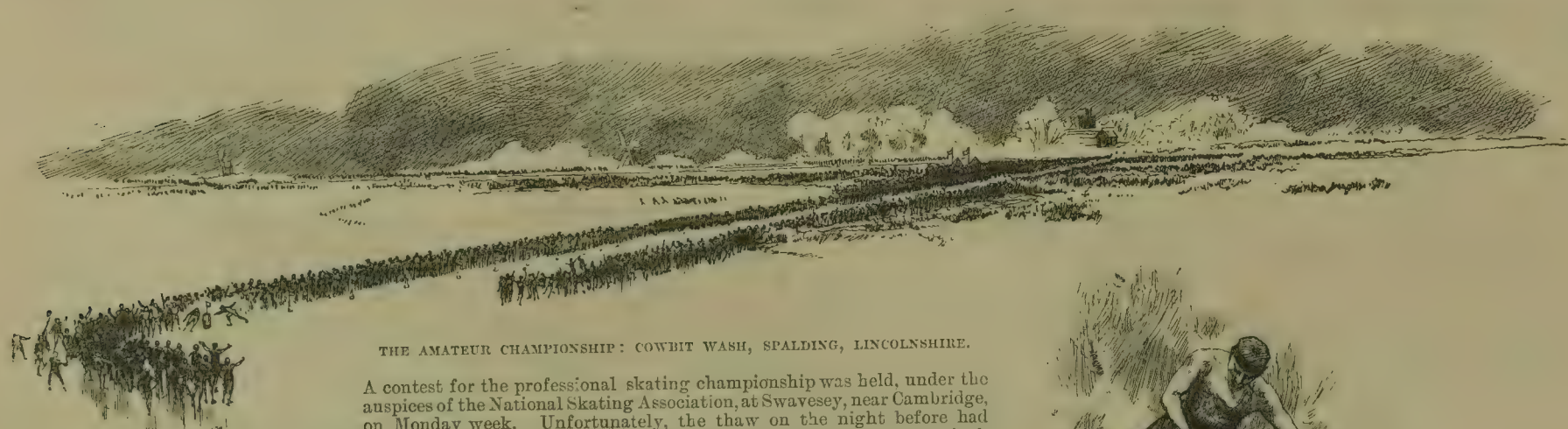
CINGHALESE WAITER.

## NATIVES OF SOUTHERN INDIA AND CEYLON.

The native populations of the southern peninsula of India, and those of the neighbouring large island of Ceylon, belong for the most part to races totally different from the principal nations of Northern and Central India. They are not of the Aryan stock, but mainly of two races, called by ethnologists the Dravidian and the Kolarian, of which the last-named seems to be aboriginal, having some affinity with the Negritos of the Andaman islands; while the Dravidians may have come from the north-west long before the Hindoo immigration. Some people, indeed, of both these races are still found in the Deccan, and in the Vindhya and Satpura hill-ranges, but most of them appear to have been driven southward by the invaders;

and those inhabiting lowland districts are now mingled together, so that minor distinctions are effaced. This is the case with the Tamil population of the Carnatic, Mysore, Travancore, and North Ceylon, amounting to some twenty millions in all; and with nearly thirty millions of Telugu and Canarese on the western side, likewise of Dravidian race. The Kolarian hill tribes are far less numerous, and still retain their primitive characteristics, speaking languages not of the "inflected" but of the "agglutinating" type, and being dark-skinned or bronze-coloured, of small stature, and in their ideas and habits showing a savage simplicity, though peaceable and harmless. Of this race, widely scattered and divided, with

great varieties of speech and manners, India contains altogether four millions; the Veddahs, a few thousand of whom dwell in the forests of Ceylon, are peculiarly remarkable. The life-size figures at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and the collections of drawings and photographs, have given a correct idea of the appearance of diverse aboriginal tribes. In the settled and civilised parts of Ceylon, and of course in the towns, where a large admixture of Aryan and Semitic elements, Hindoo and Arab, has created a new people, Cinghalese physiognomy resembles that of the higher Asiatic races, as is shown in our portrait of a hotel waiter, or upper servant in a respectable household.



THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: COWBIT WASH, SPALDING, LINCOLNSHIRE.

A contest for the professional skating championship was held, under the auspices of the National Skating Association, at Swavesey, near Cambridge, on Monday week. Unfortunately, the thaw on the night before had a very prejudicial effect on the ice, which was partly composed of snow and covered with half an inch to an inch of water. However, between three and four thousand people assembled; the special trains from Cambridge, St. Ives, and other places, run by the Great Eastern Railway Company, were well patronised, and many people from London were present. A course of a mile and a half, with three turns, had been measured off, but as no attempt to mark it off had been made, the competitors experienced some little difficulty. Twenty-two entries, including that of the champion, the famous "Fish" Smart, had been received; but only twelve put in an appearance. The consequence was that three of the heats in the first round were void, whilst four others ended in byes, only four contests thus taking place. The most interesting, the best race of the day, was between James Smart, of Welney, and James Hawes, of Manea, in which the champion's brother won by sixty yards in 5 min. 33 4-5 sec., the best time made during the day. In the other heats Isaac See, of Welney, beat John Clark, of Yaxley; Jarman Smart, of Welney, defeated J. Farr, of Sawtry, Peterborough; and G. See, of Welney, was successful against W. Oldfield, of Althorpe, Doncaster. The men who received "byes" were A. Hawes, of Welney, "Fish" Smart, Thomas



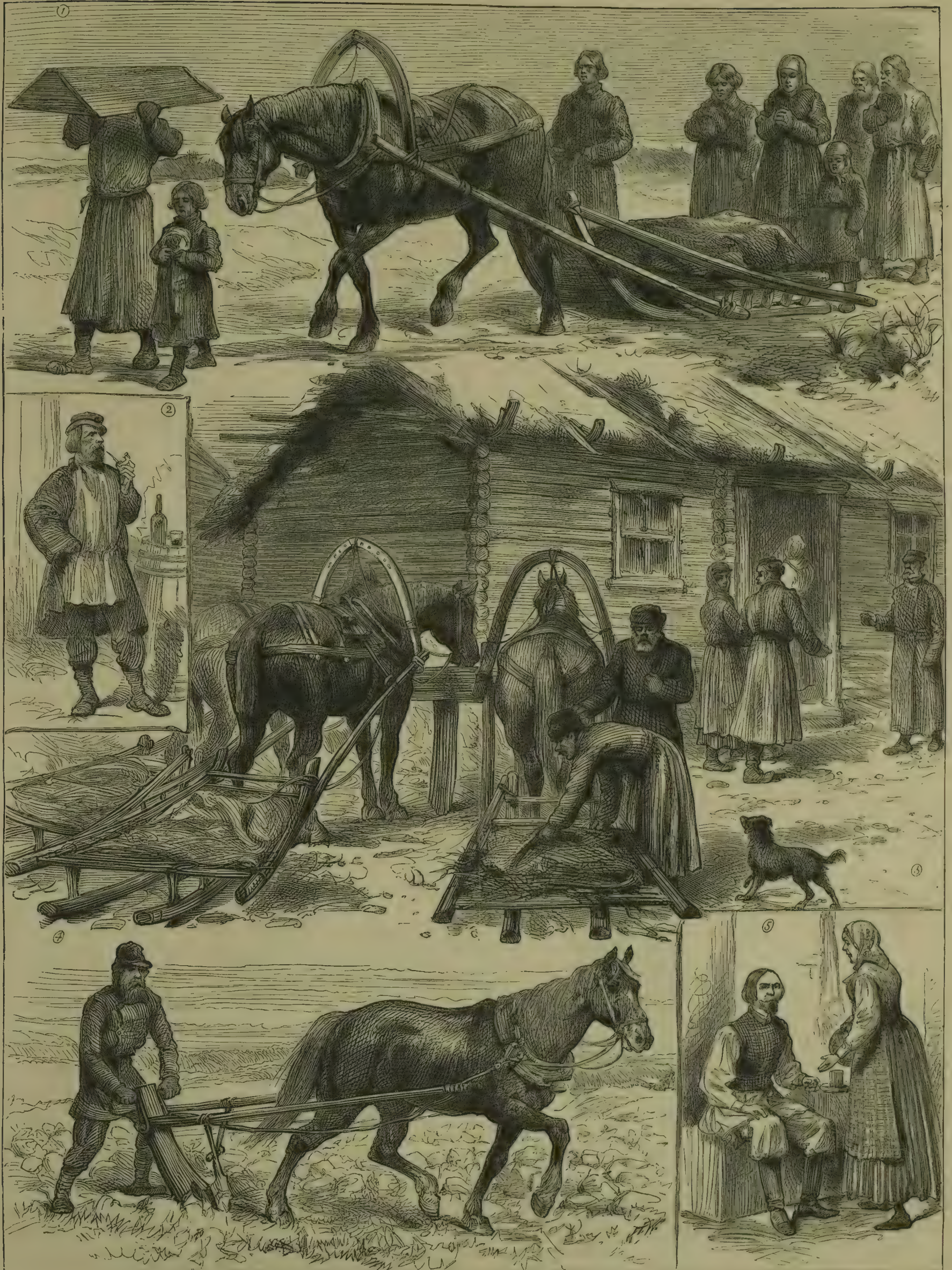
THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT SWAVESY, CAMBRIDGE.

Pickering, of Cowbit, and H. Carter, of Welney. In the second round, Isaac See beat Hawes by fifty yards, Carter defeated Jarman Smart, "Fish" Smart easily disposed of G. See (in 5 min. 34 4-5 sec.), and James Smart was unsuccessful against Pickering. In the third round, See disposed of Carter, and "Fish" Smart had an easy task against his brother James; whilst in the final heat, although only a dozen yards separated the champion and See, the victory of the

former was a comparatively easy one, the time being 5 min. 36 1-5 sec. By this success Smart became the absolute possessor of the championship trophy formerly held by him; he won in addition a badge value £5 and the sum of £10 in money; he is also entitled to an annual grant from the Association so long as he holds the title.

The amateur skating championship was decided on Saturday, Jan. 1, the scene of action being Cowbit Wash, Spalding. The ice





1. A Moujik's funeral.

2. Moujik in summer dress (Novgorod).

3. Vodka shop in a Novgorod village.

4. Moujik ploughing.

5. Moujik and wife at home.

## SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN PEASANT LIFE.

was in splendid condition, and there were several thousand people present. A course of a mile and a half in length had been selected, with three turns, and the entries numbered nineteen, but of these only fifteen competed. In the first round, W. Datchan, of Middlesbrough; A. Neverson, of Penkirk; J. C. Tebbutt, of Norwich; and W. Wadsley, of Wisbeach, ran hies; R. Wallis, of Thorney, easily beat Hamilton Young, of Wisbeach; W. Beresford, of Hackney, beat A. G. Darborn; L. Tebbutt beat his brother, A. Tebbutt; J. S. Burlington, of Yorkshire, beat G. A. Horner, of Oxford; and the champion,

F. Norman, easily beat W. J. Rawe, of Peterborough, in 5 min. 55 4-5 sec. In the second round, Norman won a good race from L. Tebbutt, by twenty yards in 5 min. 51 3-5 sec.; Wallis beat Ditcham; Beresford beat Burlingham; Wadsley beat G. C. Tebbutt by five yards; and Wallis beat Neverson. In the third round, Wadsley beat Norman by about fifty yards, and Wallis beat Beresford. The final contest was left to Wadsley and Wallis. The result was a victory for Wallis by ten yards. The winner is a well-known young athlete, only nineteen years of age.

## RUSSIAN PEASANT LIFE.

The Russian "moujiks," or people of the labouring class, including the rural peasantry, who number above fifty millions in European Russia, are generally characterised by simplicity of habits, kindliness and good-nature, much quiet obstinacy, and a fair amount of natural shrewdness. Their emancipation from serfdom, decreed by the Emperor Alexander II. on Feb. 19, 1861, and completed by the decree of Oct. 23 in that year, while retaining the popular communal institutions—the



"Mir" of each village township managing the common landed property, and the jurisdiction of the "Volost" or communal assembly, with its appointed elders—has been tending gradually to produce a sense of social equality; while the nobles and large proprietors, though still receiving the rents from their estates, have lost much of their former paternal authority. The Government, or its provincial and local officials, who form a separate class known as the "Tchin," have gained additional influence with the mass of the common people. If the Russian peasant, individually, has not yet materially advanced in domestic comfort and social independence, his depressed condition is partly due to the difficulty, in a purely agricultural community, of finding money for the various payments now demanded of him without resorting to usurious lenders, often village shopkeepers or storekeepers, Jews or foreigners, or dealers in "vodka" and other alcoholic spirits. This class, not unlike that of the "gombeen men" of Ireland, or the "shroffs" of India, holds great numbers of the laborious cultivators of the soil in legal bondage; and it is complained that the local courts of justice are often induced by bribery to connive at gross extortion. In default of money payment, the peasants are compelled to give their labour, and have not time for their own fields. The same evils undoubtedly prevail, more or less, in other countries of Eastern Europe, beyond the range of German and Austrian official administration, and to a much worse degree in the Turkish Empire, and in most countries of Asia. Russian civilisation, indeed, is but half European; but historically, we may consider, its slow progress is to be ascribed to the fewness of the large cities and towns, and to the want of commercial and manufacturing industries, in a country of vast extent, the interior of which is little affected by the influence of other nations.

In the province of Novgorod, on the Volga, some two or three hundred miles east of Moscow, peasant life exhibits all its primitive features; and we refer to our Artist's Sketches of the ordinary "moujik" in his summer and winter costumes, the latter made of woolly sheepskin; of the moujik ploughing; the moujik about to call at the dram-shop for a cup of vodka; the moujik at home with his wife, taking tea, which she thinks a more desirable beverage for her husband; and the funeral of the moujik, when he goes to his "long home," where he will dwell beyond the reach of tax-gatherers, usurers, traders in vodka, corrupt official persons of the local and the Imperial service, and the Czar's army conscription, by which the Russian population is sorely vexed.

The third annual ball for the benefit of the Italian Hospital in London will be held next Tuesday at the Holborn Townhall, Gray's Inn-road.

In the Chapel Royal, Savoy, on Monday, Captain the Hon. Alfred J. G. Byng, 7th Hussars, fifth son of the late Earl of Strathford, was married to Lady Winifred A. H. C. Herbert, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon. The chapel was filled by relatives and friends. Major Paget was the bridegroom's best man; and the bride was attended by four bridesmaids—the Ladies Margaret and Victoria Herbert, her sisters, and the Ladies Elizabeth and Margaret Byng, sisters of the bridegroom. The Earl of Carnarvon gave the brideaway. The service, which was fully choral, was performed by the Rev. Lord Forester, Canon of York, and the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain of the Savoy, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.

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#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Metzler and Co. have recently published M. Roger's bright and sparkling comic opera, Englished as "Our Diva," as produced at the Opera Comique last October. The vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniment, is given, with the text adapted by Mr. C. M. Rae from the original French book of MM. Ferrier and Carré; an arrangement for piano solo (by Mr. M. Higgs) being also issued by Messrs. Metzler and Co., besides various dance pieces based on themes from the opera. The same publishers' "Christmas Album" contains a collection of dance music suitable to the present season. Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe's popular "See-Saw" waltz, with vocal obligato; Mr. J. M. Coward's "Merry Little Drummers' Polka," with a similar feature, and several other items, make up a good shilling's-worth. The "Album of Dance Music for the Violin," issued by the same firm, comprises the contents of the publication just specified adapted for the instrument named. Some vocal pieces from the same publishers may be specified as being welcome additions to the repertoire of drawing-room songs. "I built a palace," and "A country lass," both by P. Bucalossi, are expressive and melodious, and within the compass of most voices. "Loyal love," "Lady, leave thy silken thread," "We kissed again," "Be silent, love," "For this would I be thine," and "The golden chair"—all by Lawrence Kellie—may be commended as flowing and tunable, and requiring expressive, rather than executive, powers. They are published in different keys, so as to suit any voice, however limited.

Messrs. Ricordi issue some graceful vocal pieces. Mr. F. H. Cowen's serenade, "One love have I," is a simple yet pleasing melody—alternating from the minor to the major key—such as might be supposed to be warbled on a moonlight evening. "Story-Land," by Tito Mattei, proves that a brilliant pianist can write a song that shall be expressive and effective, while yet making small demands on extent of voice or technical skill. Near the close, some arpeggio passages in the pianoforte accompaniment are in good contrast to the vocal melody. "Come back in dreams," by Theo. Marzials, is bright in its voice part, which is well sustained by a pianoforte accompaniment that includes some good harmonic transitions. Ciro Pinsuti's song, "The Rose of Love," and his ballad, "Her Father's Home," are worthy of his established reputation as a composer of this class of music. The first-named piece is full of gentle grace; the pathos of the other offering good scope for expressive declamation. "Yesterday," by P. Tosti, is a song of a serious cast, the tone of which is sad, without being gloomy. Mr. J. L. Roeckel's song, "Love will Live," is pleasing in its vocal melody, the interest of which is enhanced by the varied harmonic treatment of the pianoforte accompaniments. "Arie Antichi" is the title of an interesting collection of vocal pieces by composers of the past—chiefly Italian—including specimens from the works of Carissimi, Cesti, Legrenzi, Bononcini, A. Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Lotti, Caldara, D. Scarlatti, Handel, Marcello, Leo, Pergolesi, Gluck, Jomelli, Traetta, Piccini, Paisiello, and Martini; thus embracing a period of more than a century. The mingled suavity and antique grace of most of the extracts are in agreeable contrast to some of the feeble productions of our own day. The collection referred to is edited, with brief biographical notices, by Signor A. Parisotti, and published by Messrs. Ricordi.

"When Leaves are Green" is the title of a song composed

by Miss Marie Antoinette Kingston to some graceful lines by her father, Mr. W. Beatty Kingston. We have had previous occasions to speak of the young lady's talent for composition, of which the piece now referred to is a fresh example. The melody—chiefly of a pastoral character—is flowing, and eminently vocal in style, while the harmonic treatment of the accompaniment evinces a musical training far above that of some of the song composers of the day. Messrs. Chappell and Co. are the publishers.

#### CAVALIER LYRICS.

When an author shows with great distinctness a bias in one direction, it is the frequent habit of his readers—such is the perversity of human nature—to take the opposite side. We might be tempted to do so on reading the introduction to *Cavalier Lyrics for Church and Crown*, by J. W. Ebsworth, M.A. (imprinted for private circulation), but we are not at all inclined to quarrel with this ingenious and spirited writer, and all the less because verse sanctions much that could not so readily be accepted in prose. Perhaps, too, our creed and that of Mr. Ebsworth with regard to Puritan and Cavalier are not irreconcilable. We hold that many utterly unjustifiable acts and many cruelties, too, were committed under the despotic rule of Cromwell; but Mr. Ebsworth must admit that worse cruelties disgraced the Restoration. He will admit, too, we suppose, that under the Protector England was feared abroad, while under the second Charles she was despised, and that, chivalrous as were some of the Cavaliers, the boon associates of the thankless King were as licentious as their master. Enough of this, however. There was much that was noble in the Cavaliers and in the gracious women who upheld the Royal cause, and to both Mr. Ebsworth has endeavoured to do justice. Nor is this all, for he is not without sympathy with the sectaries; and, among other poems of this character, is one full of beauty and feeling on "One of the People called Quakers," supposed to be written in 1673, when we may remind him that several thousand Quakers were languishing in prisons. There is much variety in these "Lyrics"—love songs, drinking songs, battle pieces, elegies, verses with a merry note and verses full of plaintive melancholy. For a man of the nineteenth century to throw himself fully into the spirit of the seventeenth, demands genius of a high order; and in no mood of mind, whether mirthful or sad, does the singer enable us to forget that he belongs to our time. This is inevitable perhaps, and Mr. Ebsworth may comfort himself by remembering that the ancient Romans would assuredly not have recognised a Roman flavour in Lord Macaulay's "Lays." Among the poems which show very favourably the craft of the writer, we may mention "Becalmed," "La Belle Stewart," a very spirited piece; "Nellie," in its own way equally to be commended; and, in a different and gentler vein, "A Year's Messages," which belong to our time, and do not float down to us on the wings of two centuries.

The committee of the Official Year Book of the Church of England state that the amount contributed for 1885 exceeds by about £400,000 the sum raised for like purposes in the preceding year. The total sum, £1,781,650, represents voluntary offerings alone contributed in this year for the building and restoration of churches and parsonage houses, for the enlargement of burial-grounds, and the endowment of benefices.

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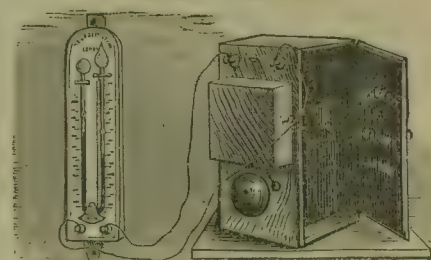


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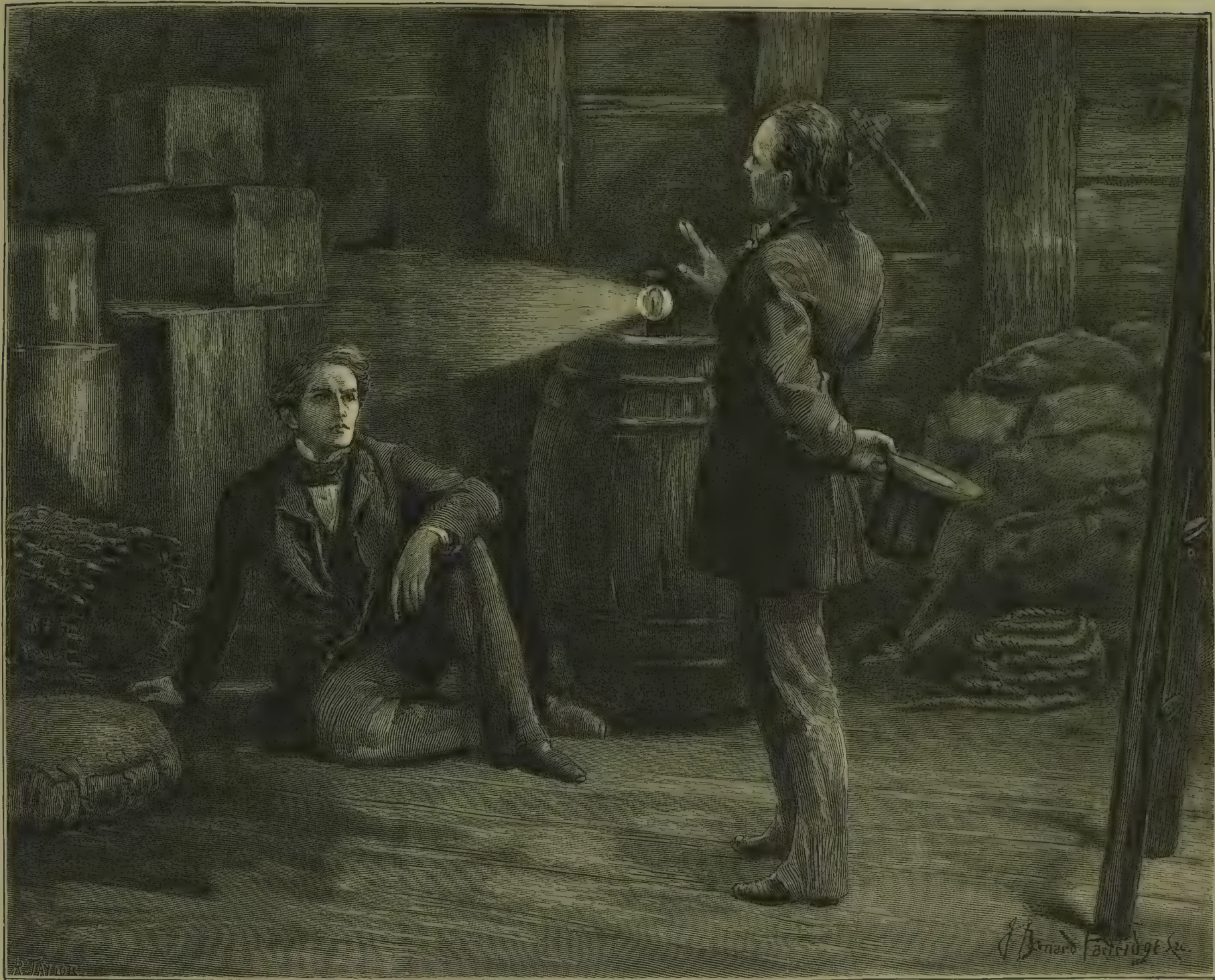
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BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

Without exchanging another word with his escort, Señor Perkins followed him to the main hatch, where they descended and groped their way through the half obscurity of the lower deck. Here they passed one or two shadows, that, recognising the Señor, seemed to draw aside in a half-awed, half-suppressed, shyness, as of caged animals in the presence of their trainer. At the fore hatch they again descended, passing a figure that appeared to be keeping watch at the foot of the ladder, and almost instantly came upon a group lit up by the glare of a bull's-eye lantern. It was composed of the first and second mate, a vicious-looking Peruvian sailor with a bandaged head, and, to the Señor's astonishment, the missing passenger Hurlstone, seated on the deck, heavily ironed.

"Tell him what you know, Pedro," said the first mate to the Peruvian sailor, curtly.

"It was just daybreak, Patroño, before we put about," began the man in Spanish, "that I thought I saw someone gliding along towards the fore hatch; but I lost sight of him. After we had tumbled up to go on the other tack, I heard a noise in the fore hold. I went down and found him," pointing to Hurlstone, "hiding there. He had some provisions stowed away beside him, and that package. I grabbed him, Patroño. He broke away and struck me here"—he pointed to his still wet bandage—"and would have got out overboard through the port, but the second mate heard the row and came down just in time to stop him."

"When was this?" asked Señor Perkins.

"Guardia di Diana."

"You were chattering, you fellows."

"Quien sabe?" said the Peruvian, lifting his shoulders.

"How does he explain himself?"

"He refuses to speak."

"Take off his irons," said Señor Perkins, in English.

"But"—expostulated the first mate, with a warning gesture.

"I said—take off his irons," repeated Señor Perkins, in a dry and unfamiliar voice.

The two mates released the shackles. The prisoner raised his eyes to Señor Perkins. He was a slight-built man of about thirty, fair haired and hollow cheeked. His short upper lip was lifted over his teeth, as if from hurried or laboured breathing; but his features were regular and determined, and his large blue eyes shone with a strange abstraction of courage and fatuity.

"That will do," continued the Señor, in the same tone.

"Now leave him with me."

The two mates looked at each other, and hesitated; but at a glance from Perkins, turned, and ascended the ladder again. The Peruvian alone remained.

"Go!" said the Señor, sharply.

The man cast a vindictive look at the prisoner, and retreated sullenly.

"Did he tell you," said the prisoner, looking after the sailor grimly, "that I tried to bribe him to let me go, but that I couldn't reach his figure? He wanted too much. He thought I had some stolen money or valuables here," he added, with a bitter laugh, pointing to the package that lay beside him.

"And you hadn't?" said Perkins, shortly.

"No."

"I believe you. And now, my young friend," said Perkins, with a singular return of his beaming gentleness, "since those two efficient and competent officers and this energetic but discourteous seaman are gone, would you mind telling me *what* you were hiding for?"

The prisoner raised his eyes on his questioner. For the last three weeks he had lived in the small community of which the Señor was a prominent member, but he scarcely recognised him now.

"What if I refuse?" he said.

The Señor shrugged his shoulders. "Those two excellent men would feel it their duty to bring the Peruvian to the captain, and I should be called to interpret to him."

"And I should throw myself overboard the first chance I got. I would have done so ten minutes ago, but the mate stopped me." His eye glistened with the same fatuous determination he had shown at first. There was no doubt he would do as he said.

"I believe you would," said the Señor, benevolently; "but I see no present necessity for that, nor for any trouble whatever, if you will kindly tell me *what* I am to say."

The young man's eyes fell. "I *did* try to conceal myself in the hold," he said, bluntly. "I intended to remain there hidden while the ship was at Mazatlan. I did not know until now that the vessel had changed her course."

"And how did you believe your absence would be accounted for?" asked the Señor, blandly.

"I thought it would be supposed that I had fallen overboard before we entered Mazatlan."

"So that anybody seeking you there would not find you, and you would be believed to be dead?"

"Yes." He raised his eyes quickly to Señor Perkins again. "I am neither a thief nor a murderer," he said, almost savagely, "but I do not choose to be recognised by anyone who knows me on this side of the grave."

Señor Perkins' eyes sought his, and for an instant seemed to burn through the singular, fatuous mist that veiled them. "My friend," he said, cheerfully, after a moment's pause, "you have just had a providential escape. I repeat it—a most providential escape. Indeed, if I were inclined to prophesy, I would say you were a man reserved for some special good fortune."

The prisoner stared at him with angry amazement.

"You are a confirmed somnambulist. Excuse me," continued the Señor, with a soft deprecating gesture, "you are,

of course, unaware of it—most victims of that singular complaint are, or, at least, fail to recognise the extent of their aberration. In your case, it has only been indicated by a profound, melancholy and natural shunning of society. In a paroxysm of your disorder you rise in the night, fully dress yourself, and glide all unconsciously along the deck in pursuance of some vague fancy. You pass the honest but energetic sailor who has just left us, who thinks you are a phantom and fails to give the alarm; you are precipitated by a lurch of the ship through an open hatchway; the shock renders you insensible until you are discovered and restored."

"And who will believe this pretty story?" said the young man, scornfully.

"The honest sailor who picked you up, who has related it in his own picturesque tongue to me, who will in turn interpret it to the captain and the other passengers," replied Señor Perkins, blandly.

"And what of the two mates who were here?" said the prisoner, hesitatingly.

"They are two competent officers, who are quite content to carry out the orders of their superiors, and who understand their duty too well to interfere with the reports of their subordinates, on which these orders are based. Mr. Brooks, the first officer, though fairly intelligent and a good reader of history, is only imperfectly acquainted with the languages, and Mr. McCarthy's knowledge of Spanish is confined to a few objurgations which generally preclude extended conversation."

"And who are you," said Hurlstone, more calmly, "who are willing to do this for a stranger?"

"A friend—equally of yours, the captain's, and the other passengers," replied Señor Perkins, pleasantly. "A man who believes you, my dear Sir, and, even if he did not, sees no reason to interrupt the harmony that has obtained in our little community during our delightful passage. Were any scandal to occur, were you to carry out your idea of throwing yourself overboard, it would, to say nothing of my personal regret, produce a discord for which there is no necessity, and from which no personal good can be derived. Here at least your secret is secure, for even I do not ask what it is; we meet here on an equality, based on our own conduct and courtesy to each other, limited by no antecedent prejudice, and restrained by no thought of the future. In a little while we shall be separated: why should it not be as friends? Why should we not look back upon our little world of this ship as a happy one?"

Hurlstone gazed at the speaker with a troubled air. It was once more the quaint benevolent figure whom he had vaguely noted among the other passengers, and as vaguely despised. He hesitated a moment, and then, half timidly, half reservedly, extended his hand. "I thank you," he said, "at least, for not asking my secret. Perhaps, if it was only"—

"Your own—you might tell it," interrupted the Señor, gaily. "I understand: I see you recognise my principle. There is no necessity of your putting yourself to that pain, or another to that risk. And now, my young friend, time



presses. I must say a word to our friends above, who are waiting, and I shall see that you are taken privately to your state-room while most of the other passengers are still on deck. If you would permit yourself the weakness of allowing the steward to carry or assist you it would be better. Let me advise you that the excitement of the last three hours has not left you in your full strength. You must really give me the pleasure of spreading the glad tidings of your safety among the passengers who have been so terribly alarmed."

"They will undoubtedly be relieved," said Hurlstone, with ironical bitterness.

"You wrong them," returned the Señor, with gentle reproach, "especially the ladies."

The voice of the first mate from above here checked his further speech, and, perhaps, prevented him, as he quickly reascended the upper deck, from noticing the slight embarrassment of his prisoner.

The Señor's explanations to the mate were evidently explicit and brief. In a few moments he reappeared with the steward and his assistant. "Lean on these men," he said to Hurlstone, significantly, "and do not over-estimate your strength. Thank Heaven, no bones are broken, and you are only bruised by the fall. With a little rest I think we can get along without laying the captain's medicine-chest under contribution. Our kind friend, Mr. Brooks, has had the lower deck cleared, so that you may regain your state-room without alarming the passengers or fatiguing yourself." He pressed Hurlstone's hand as the latter resigned himself to the steward, and was half led, half supported, through the gloom of the lower deck. Señor Perkins remained for an instant gazing after him with even more than his usual benevolence. Suddenly his arm was touched almost rudely. He turned, and encountered the lowering eyes of the Peruvian sailor.

"And what is to be done for me?" said the man, roughly, in Spanish.

"You?"

"Yes. Who's to pay for this?" he pointed to his bandaged head.

Without changing his bland expression, Señor Perkins apparently allowed his soft black eyes to rest, as if fondly, on the angry pupils of the Peruvian. The eyes of the latter presently sought the ground.

"My dear Yoto," said Señor Perkins, softly, "I scarcely think that this question of personal damage can be referred to the State. I will, however, look into it. Meantime, let me advise you to control your enthusiasm. Too much zeal in a subordinate is even more fatal than laxity. For the rest, son, be vigilant—and peaceful. Thou hast meant well, much shall be—forgiven thee. For the present, *vamos!*"

He turned on his heel, and ascended to the upper deck. Here he found the passengers thrilling with a vague excitement. A few brief orders, a few briefer explanations, dropped by the officers had already whetted curiosity to the keenest point. The Señor was instantly beset with interrogations. Gentle, compassionate, with well-rounded periods, he related the singular accident that had befallen Mr. Hurlstone, and his providential escape from almost certain death. "At the most, he has now only the exhaustion of the shock, from which a day of perfect rest will recover him, but," he added, deprecatingly, "at present, he ought not to be disturbed or excited."

The story was received by those fellow-passengers who had been strongest in their suspicions of Hurlstone's suicide or flight, with a keen sense of discomfiture, only mitigated by a humorous perception of the cause of the accident. It was agreed that a man whose ludicrous infirmity had been the cause of putting the ship out of her course and the passengers out of their comfortable security, could not be wronged by attributing to him manlier and more criminal motives. A somnambulist on ship board was clearly a humorous object, who might, however, become a bore. "It all accounts for his being so deuced quiet and reserved in the daytime," said Crosby, facetiously; "he couldn't keep it up the whole twenty-four hours. If he'd only given us a little more of his company when he was awake, he wouldn't have gallivanted round at night, and we'd have been thirty miles nearer port." Equal amusement was created by the humorous suggestion that the unfortunate man had never been entirely awake during the voyage, and that he would now, probably for the first time, really make the acquaintance of his fellow-voyagers. Listening to this badinage with bland tolerance, Señor Perkins, no doubt, felt that, for the maintenance of that perfect amity he so ardently apostrophised, it was just as well that Hurlstone was in his state-room and out of hearing.

He would have been more satisfied, however, had he been permitted to hear the feminine comments on this incident. In the eyes of the lady passengers, Mr. Hurlstone was more a hero than ever; his mysterious malady invested him with a vague and spiritual interest; his escape from the awful fate reserved to him, in their excited fancy, gave him the éclat of having *actually* survived it; while the supposed real incident of his fall through the hatchway lent him the additional lustre of a wounded and crippled man. That prostrate condition of active humanity, which so irresistibly appeals to the feminine imagination as segregating their victim from the distractions of his own sex, and, as it were, delivering him helpless into their hands, was at once their opportunity, and his. All the ladies volunteered to nurse him; it was with difficulty that Mrs. Brimmer and Mrs. Markham, reinforced with bandages, flannels, and liniments, and supported by different theories, could be kept from the door of his state-room. Jellies, potted meats, and delicacies from their private stores appeared on trays at his bedside, to be courteously declined by the Señor Perkins, in his new functions of a benevolent type of Sancho Panza physician. To say that this pleased the gentle optimism of the Señor is unnecessary. Even while his companion writhed under the sting of this enforced compassion, the good man beamed philosophically upon him.

"Take care, or I shall end this cursed farce in my own way," said Hurlstone, ominously, his eyes again flaring with a vague desperation.

"My dear boy," returned the Señor, gently; "reflect upon the situation. Your suffering, real or implied, produces in the hearts of these gentle creatures a sympathy which not only exalts and sustains their higher natures, but, I conscientiously believe, gratifies and pleases their lower ones. Why should you deny them this opportunity of indulging their twofold organisms and beguiling the tedium of the voyage, merely because of some erroneous exhibition of fact?"

Later, Señor Perkins might have added to this exposition the singularly stimulating effect which Hurlstone's supposed peculiarity had upon the feminine imagination. But there were some secrets which were not imparted even to him, and it was only to each other that the ladies confided certain details and reminiscences. For it now appeared that they had all heard strange noises and stealthy steps at night; and Mrs. Brimmer was quite sure that on one occasion the handle of her state-room door was softly turned. Mrs. Markham also remembered distinctly that only a week before, being unable to sleep, she had ventured out into the saloon in a dressing-gown to get her diary, which she had left with her portfolio on a chair; that she had a sudden consciousness of another presence in the saloon, although she could distinguish

nothing by the dim light of the swinging lantern; and that, after quickly returning to her room, she was quite positive she heard a door close. But the most surprising reminiscence developed by the late incident was from Mrs. Brimmer's nurse, Susan. As it, apparently, demonstrated the fact that Mr. Hurlstone not only walked but *talked* in his sleep, it possessed a more mysterious significance. It seemed that Susan was awakened one night by the sound of voices, and, opening her door softly, saw a figure which she at first supposed to be the Señor Perkins, but which she now was satisfied was poor Mr. Hurlstone. As there was no one else to be seen, the voices must have proceeded from that single figure; and, being in a strange and unknown tongue, were inexpressibly weird and awful. When pressed to remember what was said, she could only distinguish one word—a woman's name—*Virgil*—*Vigil*—no; *Virginescia!*

"It must have been one of those creatures at Callao, whose pictures you can buy for ten cents," said Mrs. Brimmer.

"If it is one of them, Susan must have made a mistake in the first two syllables of the name," said Mrs. Markham, grimly.

"But surely, Miss Keene," said Miss Chubb, turning to that young lady, who had taken only the part of a passive listener to this colloquy, and was gazing over the railing at the sinking sun, "surely you can tell us something about this poor young man. If I don't mistake, you are the only person he ever honoured with his conversation."

"And only once, I think," said the young girl, slightly colouring. "He happened to be sitting next to me on deck, and I believe he spoke only out of politeness. At least, he seemed very quiet and reserved, and talked on general topics, and I thought very intelligently. I—should have thought—I mean"—she continued, hesitatingly—"I thought he was an educated gentleman."

"That isn't at all inconsistent with photographs or sleep walking," said Mrs. Brimmer, with one of her vague simplicities. "Uncle Quincy brought home a whole sheaf of those women whom he said he'd met; and one of my cousins, who was educated at Heidelberg, used to walk in his sleep, as it were, all over Europe."

"Did you notice anything queer in his eyes, Miss Keene?" asked Miss Chubb, vivaciously.

Miss Keene had noticed that his eyes were his best feature, albeit somewhat abstracted and melancholy; but, for some vague reason she could not explain herself, she answered, hurriedly, that she had seen nothing very particular in them.

"Well," said Mrs. Markham, positively, "when he's able to be out again, I shall consider it my duty to look him up, and try to keep him sufficiently awake in the daytime to ensure his resting better at night."

"No one can do it, dear Mrs. Markham, better than you; and no one would think of misunderstanding your motives," said Mrs. Brimmer, sweetly. "But it's getting late, and the air seems to be ever so much colder. Captain Bunker says it's because we are really nearing the Californian coast. It seems so odd! Mr. Brimmer wrote to me that it was so hot in Sacramento that you could do something with eggs in the sun—I forget what."

"Hatch them?" suggested Miss Chubb.

"I think so," returned Mrs. Brimmer, rising. "Let us go below."

The three ladies rustled away, but Miss Keene, throwing a wrap around her shoulders, lingered by the railing. With one little hand supporting her round chin, she leaned over the darkly heaving water. She was thinking of her brief and only interview with that lonely man whose name was now in everybody's mouth, but who, until to-day, had been passed over by them with an unconcern equal to his own. And yet to her refined and delicately feminine taste there appeared no reason why he should not have mingled with his fellows, and have accepted the homage from them that she was instinctively ready to give. He seemed to her like a gentleman—and something more. In her limited but joyous knowledge of the world—a knowledge gathered in the happy school-life of an orphan who but faintly remembered and never missed a parent's care—she knew nothing of the mysterious dominance of passion, suffering or experience, in fashioning the outward expression of men, and saw only that Mr. Hurlstone was unlike any other. That unlikeness was fascinating. He had said very little to her in that very brief period. He had not talked to her with the general gallantry which she already knew her prettiness elicited. Without knowing why, she felt there was a subtle flattery in his tacit recognition of that other self of which she, as yet, knew so little. She could not remember what they had talked about—nor why. Nor was she offended that he had never spoken to her since, nor gone beyond a grave lifting of his hat to her when he passed.

(To be continued.)

A history of "Horse-Racing in France," by Mr. Robert Black, M.A., formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge, is about to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

The Reading Corporation attended in state at St. Lawrence Church on Sunday, and the Rev. J. M. Guilding, the Vicar, unveiled a stained-glass memorial window to the late Dr. Wells, who filled the position of churchwarden for many years. He also took a prominent part in promoting the welfare of the town, and in the establishment of science and art schools, and was instrumental in restoring St. Lawrence Church.

At a meeting of the general committee of the fund raised in connection with the late life-boat disasters off Southport—the Earl of Derby presiding—it was resolved to allow 15s. per week to each widow, with 5s. for each child per week, until attaining the age of sixteen, and 15s. per week to each of the two survivors of the crews. The local committee were also empowered to buy for each of the two survivors a boat, at a cost not exceeding £120. A letter was read from the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* regarding the subscriptions (six thousand pounds) received at that office in aid of the general fund, and high encomiums were passed as to the action taken in the matter by the proprietors.

Sir Charles Warren presided, last Saturday evening, at a lecture by Mr. M. N. Adler, M.A., on "The Temple of Jerusalem." In the course of a brief address respecting the excavations conducted by the Palestine Exploration Society, Sir Charles said it had been proved beyond doubt that the ancient writings descriptive of Jerusalem were technically correct. The gates of the temple had all been discovered, and a complete and comprehensive series of aqueducts had been excavated, which lent colour to the statement that, though water was scarce to those outside the walls when the city was besieged, it was plentiful within. The principal question which yet remained to be settled was the site of Sion, which was at present only open to conjecture. He himself was rather wedded to the theory that Sion was that portion of the city west of the temple. It was mainly because of the keen controversy which had been waged in the past that the explorations had been carried so far as they had, and it was necessary that the same spirit should continue if they were to get at the truth on points of interest which remained yet unsolved.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

### SECOND NOTICE.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is chiefly remarkable for Mrs. Craik's pleasant account of her tour in the North of Ireland, the first paper of a series. Miss Cartwright gives an interesting account of Fouqué's "Undine," and how the idea was borrowed from Paracelsus. But we cannot admit that "Undine" is Fouqué's sole title to remembrance. What of "Sintram"?

The leading article in the *Fortnightly Review* on the present situation of Germany with respect to other Powers is generally attributed to Sir Charles Dilke; and certainly appears to be the production of someone with special means of information, and whose hints are well worth heeding. Sir Gerald Graham's "Last Words with General Gordon" are interesting, wholesome, but painful reading. M. Renan's complacent optimism seems to have ruffled Mr. Andrew Lang more than it need; and we can hardly share Mr. Symonds's implicit belief in the veracity of his hero, Benvenuto Cellini. We do not believe that Cellini, or any Italian of his day, ever saw an aurora borealis. Mrs. Linton, who in former days resorted to Greek literature as an auxiliary to the composition of advanced novels, now uses it with much spirit in discouraging the modern pretensions of her sex.

The *Nineteenth Century* is as a whole singularly uninteresting this month, though embracing subjects ranging from "The Zenith of Conservatism" to "Pure Beer." The former of the two is the most remarkable in the number, but would be more effective if Mr. Arnold could now and then forget his claims to intellectual superiority. Mr. Gladstone's reply to the Laureate is sensible, but, except for a few crotchets better away, contains nothing that would not readily occur to any intelligent reader of the new "Locksley Hall." Mr. Morley's reply to Mr. Albert Dicey is languid, though impressed with his usual air of sincere conviction. A general languor seems also to pervade the other papers, if we except Lord Bramwell's vigorous contribution to the deceased wife's sister question.

The *Contemporary Review* is more entertaining. "Is Constantinople Worth Fighting For?" by an old resident, is an able answer to recent fallacies on the subject; and there is much good matter in Sir Grant Duff's article on India, which has, however, too much of the style both of the superior and the official person. Lord Selborne's "Thoughts upon Party" and Miss McKerlie's "Lower Education of Women" are worth reading and pondering; but the liveliest contribution to the number is Madame Adam's assault on the late M. Paul Bert, the exceeding bitter cry of a Mrs. Leo Hunter robbed of her favourite lion. M. Bert carried Gambetta off from Madame Adam's salon—an inexpressible offence. Mr. F. T. Marzials criticises M. Zola's theories of art very ably; but perhaps he takes them too seriously. The novels, we apprehend, are made to sell, and the theories to sell them.

The *National Review* has a triumphant article on the prospects of "Young Conservatism," just dashed at the end by the unexpected resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill; an attack by Mr. R. D. Palgrave on Carlyle for alleged dishonesty in his treatment of Cromwell, resting on the narrowest possible foundation; a rather narrow-minded essay on Shelley as he appears in Professor Dowden's biography; and a fair review by Mr. Alfred Austin of the poetical career of the Earl of Lytton.

We may and do differ with Walt Whitman about the necessity of a new departure for poetry in America or elsewhere; but there can be no two opinions as to the simple manly dignity of his words on his book and himself in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*. President Cleveland's sister's poem on the woman question is strong in sense and satire, but some lines indicate a defective ear. The excitement of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's, and the pathos of Mr. Luska's "Angela," are very artificial, but suffice to maintain attention during a first reading. Of *Forum*, another magazine hailing from the United States, we have barely time to say that, disdaining light literature, it has several well-written articles on such solid subjects as National Diverge Legislation, Unsolved Problems in Woman Suffrage, the Religion of a Rationalist, and the like.

The rapid advance which has, within the last few years, been made in the methods of engraving and reproducing pictures by mechanical processes, has enabled the pictorial journals of to-day to reach a high state of perfection in their illustrations, and a comparison of the *Art Journal* for this month and a number of the same periodical of fourteen or fifteen years ago will show a great improvement in quality and arrangement, as well as a large reduction in price. In the present number Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A., contributes some pleasing sketches, accompanying an article on "Sir Walter Scott's Country," by David Hannay; and Continental art is represented by articles on Anton von Werner and F. P. Michetti, the Neapolitan painter. The etching after Luke Fildes, which forms the frontispiece of this number, vividly recalls to us the original in the Academy a few years ago, while the article on Vanduyck is especially interesting, coming, as it does, just before the opening of the exhibition of that artist's work at the Grosvenor Gallery.

A new story, "The Danvers Jewels," makes a promising beginning in *Temple Bar*, which has also a very pretty tale in Lady Lindsay's "Philosopher's Window," a very amusing one in Mr. Curtis Yorke's "Drawn Game," a spirited defence of Macaulay against Matthew Arnold, and some delightful recollections of C. S. Calverley.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Belgravia* are readable enough, but have no special feature. "Elizabeth's Fortune" continues to be the chief attraction of *London Society*. The most remarkable contribution to *Time* is one by Mr. W. B. Robertson, drawing attention to the serious fact that 55 per cent of the gold coinage is below weight.

The *Asiatic Quarterly Review* offers the least interesting number on the whole that we have yet seen; but has one article of very considerable interest—the Marquis Tseng's views on the political revival of China, and her assertion of a claim to rank among the great powers of the earth. Colonel Burne's paper on the proclamation of her Majesty as Empress of India sufficiently explains the reasons for this measure, and the almost ludicrous difficulties connected with the translation of the title into the Indian vernacular. There is much romantic interest in the history of Gujarat as told by Mrs. Pedder; and Captain Harrison Smith's views on the pacification of the Sudan will receive attention.

We have also received The Red Dragon, The Army and Navy Magazine, Cassell's Family Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Picturesque Europe, Good Words, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, Ladies' Treasury, Le Follet, Weldon's Ladies' Journal, Loose Rein, Argosy, Leisure Hour, Indian Magazine, United Service Magazine, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Household Words, Army and Navy Gazette, The Theatre, Illustrations, Eastward Ho, Little Folks, Christian World Magazine, Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, Every Girl's Magazine (enlarged and more attractively reproduced), Girl's Own Paper, Boy's Own Paper, and others.



## NEW BOOKS.

Britannia may no longer rule the waves so absolutely as it was once her proud boast that she did, but still her children inherit the spirit which makes such a book as *A Voyage to the Cape*: by W. Clark Russell (Chatto and Windus), possess a singular fascination for them. English readers can never tire of stories concerning men who go down to the sea in ships; and among the tellers of such tales a foremost place has been won by the author of this volume. About a third of the book's contents "sees the light for the first time" in this published collection; the other two thirds have appeared from time to time in the columns of that newspaper which has "the largest circulation in the world," and have consequently been read, we may presume, by a few millions of sympathetic souls with mingled feelings of interest, astonishment, awe, and admiration. The added third is apparently similar in character to the original two thirds, and will, undoubtedly, create the same sort of impression. The heart will be frequently in the mouth at many of the descriptions; and, though the pictures of life on the ocean wave are sometimes very tempting, occasionally more than a little amusing, and now and then irresistibly fascinating with the fascination of dread and horror, they are calculated, on the whole, to make a landlubber "conclude" in favour of living ashore. Among the chapters best worth reading may be especially recommended that which is entitled "The Master's Responsibilities," and which forcibly recalls to mind the noble conduct and heroic, but lamentable, death of the "Cunard" captain, who, but a short time back, fell a martyr to incessant exposure in the conscientious discharge of his duty. He was as true a hero as any that fell at Trafalgar; and more also, inasmuch as he had no prospect of victory or Westminster Abbey.

Readers bent on enterprise who wish to visit one of the dreariest and least accessible portions of the earth's surface may be recommended to test their courage in the vast region of Alaska; but before going thither we recommend them to read *An Arctic Province; Alaska and the Seal Islands*, by Henry W. Elliott (Sampson Low). The work is written on an elaborate and, indeed, exhaustive scale, and, in the opinion of the writer, portrays "in word, and by brush and pencil, the life and country of Alaska as it is, so clearly and truthfully, that the reader may draw his or her own inference, just as though he or she stood upon the ground itself." This is a large promise, and one which it would be impossible to fulfil; but Mr. Elliott, who writes in a somewhat inflated style, does succeed in giving us much information about this enormous expanse of desolation. A few facts shall be stated here which may tempt the reader to search for more in this encyclopedic volume. Alaska was bought by the United States of the Russian Government in 1867. The superficial area of the country is one sixth of the United States, but the writer observes that the endless length and bewildering indentation of the coast, the thousands of islands, the numerous volcanoes, and the number of rivers "make a comparison of Alaska in any other respect than that of mere superficial area wholly futile when brought into contrast with the rest of the North American Continent." In one respect it assuredly differs strikingly, for the whole land does not contain 31,000 inhabitants, and of these only 430 are said to be whites. The south-eastern region of Alaska is the part known to the merchant and the traveller, and in the Alexander Archipelago "when the fog is not omnipotent and rain not incessant, the tourist will record a vision of earthly scenery grander than the most vivid imagination can devise." Sitka is the seat of Government, but the Americans at present do not seem so successful as their predecessors, and trade is declining, owing chiefly to the practical extermination of the sea-otter. Here, as elsewhere, the savage is disappearing before the civilised man; and in the island of Kadiak, one of the most important positions, the natives are said to be dying fast of consumption and scrofula. They are considered old at forty, rarely reach sixty, and then are almost certain to be afflicted with ophthalmia or blindness. They cannot resist intemperance, and the vices of the trader appear to have more influence in Alaska than the labours of the missionary. The most prosperous places, commercially, are said to be the most conspicuous for misery and debauchery. An interesting chapter is given to the sea-otter, the pursuit of which is said to call for much venturesome labour and inclement exposure, and for almost incredible fortitude. And the result of this pursuit must be, in time, the extermination of the animal; for "the hunting parties do not let the sea-otter have a day's rest during the whole year." The fur-seal, on the contrary, is said to be in no danger of extinction; and Mr. Elliott's account of the seal islands, as he terms the Pribylov Islands of Bering Sea, is the most interesting narrative of the kind we have read. The writer had the amplest opportunities for observing the seal; for he has lived for months together on these islands, the climate of which must be intolerable in winter. The cold is severe enough, but infinitely more trying is what the writer in his big language calls the "Æolian tension." The wind is tremendous and unceasing; and, though a strong man, the writer was only able to leave the house three times during four months of winter. Mr. Elliott's use of words sounds strange in our ears: he writes of handsome islands and elegant weather; but his volume abounds in original observation, and is in the highest degree attractive.

It seems a pity that a book upon which the writer has bestowed considerable research and thought should be "privately printed." *Cæsar in Kent*, by the Rev. Francis Vine, B.A., is a masterly treatise on a subject of no small interest to the historical student. Mr. Vine writes with great clearness, and with a familiar knowledge of the authorities whose statements form the basis of his argument. Of course, his principal text-book is Cæsar's wonderful narrative, which would be read with more zest in mature life were it not sometimes painfully remembered as a school and task-book. The accuracy of the Roman conqueror's details has been corroborated by recent research; and by the help of these careful statements, especially with regard to distances, Mr. Vine is able to follow Cæsar's steps, and "to enable the reader to realise the chief scenes in which he moved during his stay in Britain." It is needless, however, to say that Mr. Vine does not solely rely upon the authority of Julius Cæsar, but has consulted also the early English authorities.

Coleridge called Baxter's autobiography an inestimable work, and said that although he might sometimes doubt his memory, or even his competence, he "could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity." His position under Cromwell and Charles II. was so remarkable that the student of the times must also make himself acquainted with the life of this devout clergyman and ardent theologian. *The Life of Richard Baxter, of Kidderminster, Preacher and Prisoner*: by John Hamilton Davies, B.A. (Kent and Co.), is a book which, with some unfortunate defects, has also much to recommend it. Its faults are obvious. There is no table of contents; nor does there seem to be any sufficient statement of the authorities upon which the work is based. These are omissions that will not unreasonably provoke the student, while the general reader is likely to be irritated by the large

number of sound but obvious reflections with which so many pages of the volume are filled. Neither is Mr. Davies satisfied with making his reflections once, but they are frequently repeated; and the author has yet to learn that much that may be fitted for a pulpit discourse is out of place, and, indeed, loses all its power in print. The faults we have mentioned are, perhaps, venial; on the other hand, the biography is of sterling value, and presents, with great aid from Baxter himself, a vivid picture of the times. In those days of intolerant controversy, the author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" acted, or tried to act, as a mediator; and, as he could side neither with Cromwell nor with the second Charles, he suffered for his honesty and independence. If ever there was an illustration of the power of the mind over the body it is to be seen in the case of Baxter, who suffered a life-long martyrdom from disease, and worked as persistently as if he had never felt a bodily pain. His character was complex. To judge from some indications of it, he was a religious recluse; but he was also a polemic, who loved the din of controversy and never yielded in the contest. Perhaps the weakest thing he ever did—and it was prompted by this polemical assurance—was when at the Savoy conference, he composed in a fortnight, and with what Bishop Burnet calls almost incredible industry, a liturgy which he hoped might supersede the liturgy of the Church of England. Baxter, like smaller men, had his failings; but few worthier men have lived in England, and none, perhaps, who has followed more consistently the dictates of conscience. Mr. Davies's biography should be read by everyone who wishes to gain a wider knowledge of the most stirring period of English history.

No one who has the good fortune to possess the original edition of "Pickwick," or even the copy published twenty years ago in what the author considered the best edition of his books, is likely to prefer the new Jubilee Edition that has recently appeared in two well-printed volumes. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, by Charles Dickens, with notes and numerous illustrations; edited by Charles Dickens the younger (Macmillan and Co.), may have much to recommend it, but it is not the book we have known and loved for many a long year. "Pickwick" without the illustrations by Phiz loses more than any new woodcuts, however pretty, can supply; and instead of humorous delineations of the *dramatic personæ*, the Jubilee Edition supplies sketches of London streets and courts, of country inns and churches, and of obsolete costumes. These are good enough in their way, but they do not illustrate "Pickwick," and the edition has altogether a sober air that seems to us out of keeping. The notes are interesting. To old persons they will recall the manners and customs of their youth, and young readers will find passages explained which the change of fashion has made obscure. The London of fifty years ago was not the enormous "wen" familiar to us, and the difference between the two is carefully noted by the editor. Perhaps this tale has been the best-read story of the century. The broad farcical humour with which it abounds suited the popular taste, and in all classes it secured a welcome. "How many editions," writes the editor, "'Pickwick' has gone through, and how many million copies of the book have been sold during the last fifty years, it would be impossible to calculate. To this day it remains the most popular of its author's works, and enjoys a sale which would be large for a very popular and successful new book; while original copies, in good condition, are favourite objects of competition among book collectors." One of the most interesting features of these volumes is a letter from Mr. Walter Besant describing his success in gaining the first prize in a Pickwick Examination held by the brilliant Cambridge humourist, Mr. C. S. Calverley. The whole affair was conducted with the gravity of a college "exam," the result being pinned up on the official screen. The Master begged Calverley not to do it again, "which, of course, was readily promised, because such a thing could only be done once."

Not thirty years have gone by since the discovery by Captain Burton of Lake Tanganyika, which, if not the largest body of water in Central Africa, is said to be the longest fresh water lake in the world. The wonderful discovery of the equatorial lake regions has raised hopes for the civilisation of Africa it was difficult to cherish before; and, thanks to this discovery, a new world has been opened for missionary enterprise. *To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath-Chair*, by Annie B. Hore (Sampson Low), is a simple but interesting narrative written by a lady, whose husband, a nautical man under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, has thoroughly explored the lake, and assisted in establishing mission stations on its islands and shores. It was natural that Mrs. Hore should wish to take some part with her husband in the good work. Her first attempt to reach the interior with her baby son, who is introduced to the reader as "Jack," proved a failure. She was forced to return to England, and when she tried her fortune a second time Jack was more than two years old. Through many difficulties, arising more from the season than from obstruction on the part of the natives, and after much sickness, the expedition reached Ujiji, a ninety-days' journey from the coast. The men who carried Mrs. Hore in her chair, with Jack on her lap, seem to have behaved admirably; and though both the lady and her child suffered greatly, it is evident that in a better season and with thorough organisation a well-armed party of Europeans may take women and children with them into the heart of the Dark Continent. It is not likely, however, that the plan adopted in Mrs. Hore's case for reaching Tanganyika will be generally followed, as what is called the Nyassa route, in which the greater portion of the journey is by water, has obvious advantages. The warlike state of the country made this way impracticable in the present instance. Mrs. Hore's story is a very simple one, and it is told without pretension. According to the statement given in a supplementary chapter, she is now doing work in an island on the lake; and, by the help of a sailing vessel of thirty-six tons, Captain Hore is able to carry on communications with the different missionary stations. He has also a large life-boat in use, which was brought in sections overland from Zanzibar on the backs of 1000 porters. The most earnest passage in Mrs. Hore's little book relates to the slave trade, which exists with all the horrors described by Livingstone, "only spread wider and farther." Mrs. Hore adds that this "open sore of the world," "although partially healed over outwardly, is still preying upon the vitals of the continent, and unless strong measures are applied there will be nothing left to heal. Even if all the outside slave markets were closed, Africa, left untouched, would consume itself with slavery."

We must honestly confess we have not at command the special knowledge requisite to test the value of Mr. Hjalmar Boyesen's *History of Norway* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.); but we must say that it was with real interest that we read his graphic account of the Vikings and the Berserkers, and their exploits against the Swedes, the Danes, the Russians, and even against our own island. Halfdan the Swarthy, Harold the Fair-Haired, and Haakon the Good, were all more or less mythical; or rather, round their names have crystallised a number of popular legends, which Mr. Boyesen has

been at pains to assign to their proper place in Norse mythology and history. The great national hero, however, is Olaf Trygvesson, whose aim from the day he ascended the throne (A.D. 995) until his death—the invasion of Wendland (1000 A.D.)—was to convert the kingdom of Norway to faith in "Christ, the White." There are few chapters in Sir Walter Scott more dramatically told than that of the "Long Serpent." On this ship King Olaf rested his hopes of victory in the battle of Svolder; the immediate result of which, however, was the partition of Norway between the Earls Erik and Sweyn. King Olaf's work, although broken off by his tragic death, was completed by Olaf the Saint, a few years later; but the introduction of Christianity did not for many generations soften the manners of Norse life, or deprive it altogether of its heroic character. It is almost as exciting as a novel to follow the author through all this development of a civilisation so different in its origin to that of southern Europe; and, as far as we can judge, he brings to support his statements a mass of contemporary authority. From the useful map which accompanies the history we learn that in former times the Baltic was known as the Eysta Salt, in opposition to the Vestra Salt, which was the name given to the sea off Thronthjeym; the Gulf of Bothnia as the Helsingia Botten; and what we now call the Skagerrack, between Denmark and Norway, as the Vikina. The volume is illustrated with representations of Norse antiquities, Norse costumes, and Norse scenery—all adding value and interest to its contents. The author, Mr. Boyesen, is Gehard Professor of German in Columbia College, New York.

The delicate and sympathetic study which Mr. F. Wedmore has prefixed to his *Catalogue of Whistler's Etchings* (A. W. Thibaudau) explains with truth the attractions which that gifted artist has for so many art-lovers. Whistler's secret of success is that he sees a little further than most people, and then, instead of blazing abroad his discoveries, he hints mysteriously the beauties of what lies beyond the vulgar ken. Mr. Wedmore, in this attractive little volume, has catalogued no less than 214 of Whistler's etchings, some of which are, unfortunately, irretrievably lost. The story of his first attempts as an engraver are characteristic. Whistler, then (in 1857) a young man in the United States Navy, was sent to engrave a map for the coast survey; but instead of a map there appeared upon the plate certain sketches, in which fancy rather than the geographical features of the coast was predominant. Parisian, Alsatian, and Dutch life attracted Mr. Whistler's notice, and gave subjects for his graver long before Chelsea and the Banks of the Thames, and the streets of London revealed to him, and to us through him, those touches of beauty which lie at our very doors, but which we pass by unnoticed, occupied as we are in the business of life, or the still more hurrying business of pleasure.

## SKETCHES IN THE BAHAMAS.

Among the distinct insular groups, in the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, comprised in the British West Indies, the Bahamas are not the least interesting. They consist of twenty-seven small islands, the largest being twenty-one miles long and seven broad, with hundreds of capes and rocks, scattered over a space of more than six hundred miles, between the eastern extremity of Florida and the north coast of Haiti or St. Domingo. These islands include that of St. Salvador, which was the first land reached by Columbus, in his voyage to discover America, on Oct. 4, 1492; but whether that on which he landed was what is now called Watling's Island, or Cat Island, has been a controverted point. English settlements, disputed by the Spaniards, began with Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the reign of Elizabeth, but were repeatedly interrupted in the seventeenth century; for two hundred years past, however, the Bahamas have been under our Government. The whole population is about 45,000, of whom 11,000 are white people of European race, the rest being descendants of emancipated African negroes.

The capital, Nassau, on the island of New Providence, is the only town of any real importance; but, with its hotels and boarding-houses, its lending library of over 10,000 volumes, its facilities for boating excursions and picnics, it is a most charming residence for the winter and spring. The public buildings—the Cathedral, the Government House, the Bank, the House of Assembly, and the Court-house—are all substantially constructed. Behind the Court-house grows the wonderful silk-cotton tree, whose great buttresses would hide a small party of men, so wide and tall are they. Government House stands on an eminence, known as the East Hill, and has two carriage entrances; the one from the east crosses the road to the suburbs of Barn's and Grant's Town, by an archway. These suburbs are the quarters in which the negro and mulatto people mostly live, though there are many villages of lesser importance. Some of the cabins in which these dark gentry dwell are but poorly furnished, though kindly nature has made them all more or less picturesque with the luxuriant foliage of palms and bananas, not to speak of daturas, oleanders, roses, and other scented flowers, as well as many beautiful shrubs and trees. One of the most interesting spots on the island is the Queen's staircase. In the time of slavery it was intended to cut a road through an obstructing hill of rock; but, when the work had arrived at its present stage, emancipation put a stop to it; so the steps were erected at the furthest end, and the Royal name was bestowed upon them. A short distance from the top of these steps stands the old fort of Fincastle (so called after one of Lord Dunmore's titles), from which a fine view extends over a great part of the island, taking in the hotel and most of the public buildings.

There is a very pleasant drive eastward along the shore. It leads past St. Matthew's Church, and through the avenue of the same name, where some old tombs repose beneath the shade of weatherbeaten almond-trees. Great fertility is noticeable everywhere: trees growing on ruined walls, on ancient gateway, or in fact anywhere where an atom of soil and a chink seems to invite vegetation. Pineapples thrive when stuck apparently into a hole in the rock, and beautiful orchids grow on the trees.

The chief industry is from the trade sponges; these are fished for, washed, dried, and baled for export in large quantities, and though there is no quality found there in any way equal to the so-called Turkey sponge, excellent ones for bath and carriage purposes are to be had.

One of the most agreeable trips imaginable is to the "Sea Gardens"—beautiful gardens below the water, where sponges lie, sea-fans and sea-feathers wave, and brilliant fishes lazily swim. Bathing is to be enjoyed there also; and beautiful corals lie around the shores.

To the invalid seeking a warm winter residence the Bahamas will seem an earthly Paradise; no praise is too great for the sweetness of the climate that prevails there throughout the winter, and, indeed, through the greater part of the year. The balmy breezes are blowing, and but very little rain falls, although the heaviest shower soon permeates the coral formation of the island, and leaves the ground dry. The illustrations are from sketches by Mr. H. B. Jacobs, and photographs taken by Mr. Ernest Bilbrough, to whom we are indebted for this communication.





1. Natives of Nassau. 2. Government House as it was.  
3. Gateway, with entrance to Government House above.  
4. Street in Nassau, with Royal palm.  
5. Part of Grant's Town.

6. A Wood Gatherer: Fuel from the Blue Hills.  
7. General view of Nassau, looking north-west.  
8. A relic of slavery.  
9. An ancient pedlar of sticks and sponges.

10. Old gateway, with silk-cotton tree above.  
11. St. Matthew's Church. 12. "I lub shùgar!"  
13. House in the suburbs of Grant's Farm.  
14. View of a sponge yard.





MIRANDA.—PAINTING BY GREUZE.  
IN THE POSSESSION OF FREDERICK CALLOND, ESQ.

Jean Baptiste Greuze, to whose art we owe the original of the picture engraved above, had the good fortune to be the only painter of his day on the Continent of Europe. In Italy painting had disappeared with Carlo Maratti; Van Der Werff was closing, somewhat ignobly, the glories of the Dutch and Flemish schools; Carreño and Tobar, in Spain, were satisfied with making inferior copies of Velasquez and Murillo; whilst in France, Watteau and the painters of the Regency had reduced art to the lowest level of artificial sentiment. Greuze, for a while, seemed disposed to float with the current, and to pander to the depraved taste of Versailles and Trianon. But, happily, he was caught by the spirit which filled Rousseau, and, through him, stirred society to its depths. He proclaimed, like his master in philosophy, the school of Nature, and indicated the charms of simplicity and rustic beauty. It is not easy for Englishmen, perhaps, to recognise the truth of the title—the French Hogarth—which many of his fellow-countrymen have applied to Greuze; but, in truth, he never lost sight of the moral purpose in his pictures. Living in a time when license was carried to an excess, and purity of thought and act was despised as prudery, Greuze never allowed his brush to pander to the popular taste.

The faces of his young girls are often marked by exaggerated sentiment, and, oftener still, weak in execution; but the drawing is always correct, and the idea innocent. His greatest fault, perhaps, is a want of pliability and variety. There is a certain similarity of type in all his girls' faces, but they are never wanting in grace, nor spoilt by effort to convey more than the painter could feel. His own simple domestic life furnished him with just the quality and degree of inspiration his brush was capable of rendering, and for this reason his pictures are always complete and equal. In some of his touches of village life he reminds us of our fellow-countryman Morland, but with less feverish animation and eager straining after dramatic effect. Two of his best-known pictures (after "La Cruche Cassée") are "The Father's Curse" and "The Return of the Outcast Son," both of which were probably known to Morland through engravings. But in these works Greuze scarcely shows himself at his best. His heads of young girls, "happy in their youth, conscious of their beauty, eager to be loved," are the works on which he expended the best resources of his art. His skilful and delicate drawing, his soft colouring, and his elegant attitudes are most appreciable in these

simple studies. The drapery, background, and other accessories are too often heavy and monotonous; and the want of care which he displays in their treatment will prevent Greuze ever taking a place in the first rank of French artists. But his reputation, which does not rest upon a passing fashion, is not likely to suffer eclipse; and the solid ground on which his claims to popular appreciation rest were well proved by the attraction which the Greuze pictures of the Wallace Collection had for all sorts and conditions of men when exhibited at the Bethnal-Green Museum.

It is announced in the *Gazette* that the Queen has appointed Sir William Arthur White, now her Majesty's Ambassador, *ad interim*, at Constantinople, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Sultan; Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, now Agent and Consul-General in Bulgaria, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Roumania; and Mr. Nicholas Roderick O'Connor, Secretary of Legation at Washington, to be Agent and Consul-General in Bulgaria.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1885), with two codicils (dated May 21 and Oct. 23, 1886) of Alderman Thomas Rose, late of No. 14, Bank-street, Manchester, and of No. 4, Tivoli-place, Stretford, Lancashire, engineer and insurance manager, who died on Nov. 11 last, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on the 20 ult. by Stephen Smith and John Herman Stafford, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £191,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to Emma Gorton, and £20,000, upon trust, for her; £2800 to Sarah Townsend, and £20,001, upon trust, for her; £2800 to Eliza Rose, and £20,002, upon trust, for her; £2800 to William Rose, and £20,003, upon trust, for him; £2800 to James Rose, and £20,004, upon trust, for him; £2800 to Mary Powell, and £20,005, upon trust, for her; and other legacies and annuities. He also bequeaths £10,000 to the Manchester Royal Infirmary and Dispensary; £5000 to the Salford and Pendleton Royal Hospital and Dispensary; £2000 to St. Mary's Hospital, Manchester; and there are other charitable bequests. All the legacies are given free of duty, which is directed to be paid out of his residuary estate. The residue he leaves to the said William Rose.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Aug. 5, 1867), with a codicil (dated May 9, 1873), of Mr. Edward Collins, merchant and paper-maker, formerly of Kelvindale, and thereafter of West Balgray, Hillhead, Glasgow, who died on Sept. 26 last, at Strathculm, Devonshire, granted to Hugh Brown and Mrs. Annie Brown or Collins, the widow, the surviving accepting executors, was sealed in London on the 13th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £94,000.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1884) of Sir John Anderson, LL.D., F.R.S.E., late of Fairleigh, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on July 23 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Irvine Kempt Anderson and John William Anderson, the sons, Major Alexander Burners MacHardy, Irvine Kempt, and George Collie, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £49,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plenishing, silver plate, pictures, books, and all the corporeal movables in his dwelling house, £400, and an annuity of £800 to his wife; and legacies to executors, relatives, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to the whole of his children equally.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1883), with two codicils (dated Sept. 22, 1884, and April 24, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Lockerby, late of Derwent Villa, Addiscombe, Surrey, who died on Oct. 6 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Hugh Muir, James Marchbank, and Alexander McGlashan, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £48,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to found a Divinity bursary in Edinburgh University, for students desirous of obtaining a license to preach in the Church of Scotland, but he revokes such legacy if at any time the Church of Scotland is disestablished, or any vital change or serious departure made by its highest court from the doctrine or form of worship as it existed in 1834; £200 to the Church of Scotland Home and Foreign Missions; £100 each to the Iron and Hardware Metal Trades Pension Society, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow; £50 each to the London Bible Society and the Edinburgh Bible Society; and other legacies. The whole residue of his estate and effects, on the death of his brother Robert, he leaves, upon trust, to erect and endow twelve or more almshouses in the city of Edinburgh, to be called the Lockerby Almshouses, for twelve or more persons, male or female, in reduced circumstances by no improvidence, extravagance, or rash speculation, and who have never been bankrupt or insolvent in business.

The will (dated March 19, 1880) of Miss Fanny Halsey, late of Little Gaddesden, Herts, who died on Nov. 13 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Thomas Frederick Halsey, M.P., the nephew, and Mrs. Mary Julia Halsey, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £38,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the West Herts Infirmary; £100 to the Rev. William Tyrwhitt Drake, Vicar of Great Gaddesden, to apply at his discretion for the poor of the said parish; £1000 each to her nephew Montague William Tyrwhitt Drake and his brother, William Henry Tyrwhitt Drake; £2000 to each of the daughters of her nephew the said Thomas Frederick Halsey; and other pecuniary legacies. There are also numerous specific bequests. The residue of her personal

estate she leaves equally between her nephews and nieces, the Very Rev. Frederick Robert Herbert Noyes, Kennaway Herbert Noyes, Charlotte Herbert Noyes, Alice Herbert Noyes, Fanny Herbert Noyes, Blanche Herbert Worthington, and Evelyn Herbert Noyes.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1878) of Mr. James Sivewright, late of The Grove, Torquay, who died on Oct. 19 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Anne Vivian, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator leaves one moiety of his real and personal estate to his aunt, the said Mrs. Anne Vivian; one third of the other moiety to each of his sisters Mary and Harriet Anne; and the remaining third, upon trust, for his sister Elizabeth Francis Nind, for life, and then for his said sisters Mary and Harriet Anne.

The will (dated March 19, 1886) of Mrs. Mary Forbes, late of The Holmes, St. Boswells, in the county of Roxburgh, N.B., who died on Oct. 29 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Bevil Granville, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 each to her nephews Gray Granville and George Hyde Granville; and the residue of her property, real and personal, to her said nephew Bevil Granville.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1884) of Mr. Frederick Bent, late of Coldbrook Park, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, who died on Nov. 8 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Rev. John Swire and George Hilditch Walker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for Frederick George Brown; £3000, upon trust, for Maud Clarissa Brown; and legacies to his executors, and also to his coachman. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his mother for life, then for his sister, Emily, for life, and then for all his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated July 17, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 24, 1882), of the Rev. William Hepworth Thompson, D.D., late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died on Oct. 1 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Thompson, the widow, Henry Thompson, and William Aldie Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for his sisters, Mrs. Ann Purnell and Miss Alice Charlotte Thompson, and, on the death of the survivor, for his nieces Mary Alice and Lucy, the daughters of his brother Edmund; £1000, and the share he is entitled to under the will of his late uncle, Edmund Thompson, upon trust, for his brother John; £1000, and such of his furniture, pictures, books, plate, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages, as she may select, to his wife; £3000 to his sister Mrs. Susan Wright; and £100 to each of his executors, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Wright. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to three fifths for his brother Henry Thompson, and one fifth each to his sisters, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Purnell.

Yesterday week Princess Christian superintended another entertainment given out of the fund instituted by her Royal Highness for providing free dinners for the children of the poor and the unemployed in Windsor. The dinner took place in the hall of the Albert Institute, and the children were supplied with soup and jam-pudding, the men receiving bread and cheese. The Queen has contributed to the fund.

The collection of John Leech's *Pictures of Life and Character* (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) forms a handsome volume, to which one may turn at any moment for amusement or information. We have here before us the story of many a popular craze and fashionable foible, told without envy, hatred, or malice, but in the simple, good-natured bantering which was Leech's chief characteristic. Mr. Briggs' Pleasures of Shooting, Fishing, and Hunting; the Brook-Green Volunteer, who preceded by fifteen years at least our present Volunteer system; Bloomerism, Servantism, and, above all, the Great Exhibition of 1851, are by Leech's pencil endowed with an evergreen vitality, which some, at least, of these social phenomena might not otherwise preserve. The period of Leech's active connection with *Punch*, whence all these drawings are taken, extended over nearly a quarter of a century (1842-1864). We are glad to find that to this volume is added an index, in which reference is made to the year in which the several drawings appeared.

## TWO BOOKS OF SPORT.

In *The Hunter's Arcadia*, by Parker Gillmore (Chapman and Hall), African scenes, as presented to our view in the more or less veracious narrative of travellers, from John Leo Africanus down to Baker, Cameron, and Stanley, do not strike us as possessing many of the features generally associated with an ideal Arcadia. Even Bechuanaland, as most people who have journeyed thither know it, cannot well be described under that title, and probably Mr. Parker Gillmore would hardly apply the term literally even to the happy hunting grounds of which he writes with adolescent enthusiasm. But some license must be allowed to the author. He says that every person visiting South Africa, who has shooting proclivities, "thinks it his duty to publish a book about sport with the big game there; but seldom do these people say a word about the smaller game, which is to be found there in great abundance." This versatile and entertaining author, however, must remember that not every sportsman has his power of investing little things with interest. In the hands of an ordinary writer a book that recounted no stirring tales of hair-breadth escapes, and consisted mainly of no more exciting adventures than are to be encountered in shooting partridges and rabbits at home, would be very dull reading indeed. But Mr. Parker Gillmore has a keen eye for all that passes before him, and a happy knack of expressing himself in graphic, though sometimes very homely, language. He has so much knowledge of natural history that he is able to observe systematically and record accurately. His notes on the habits of wild birds and animals have more than ordinary value for the scientific naturalist, and he never obtrudes his knowledge in a way that could weary the least sympathetic reader. He lacks the polished style and simple force of Theodore Roosevelt, whose narratives of sport in the wild West are so fascinating; but he intersperses his hunting incidents with quaint and always apt stories of natives and their manners. The book is illustrated with many admirably careful drawings, among which those of three varieties of sand grouse, the hammerhead or shadow-bird, the Cape hunting-dog, the rock rabbit, the koodo, the griffin vulture, and the Cape jumping hare—a species of modified wallaby—are full of character and interest. A book that is equally entertaining for old and young is rare indeed, but Mr. Parker Gillmore's "Hunting Arcadia" may justly claim to be.

It is doubtful whether the bulky volume entitled *Wild Animals*, photographed and described by J. Fortuné Nott (Sampson Low and Co.), may be more accurately characterised as a collection of excellent phototypes explained by the aid of extracts from the published works of many naturalists and travellers, or as a laborious bit of bookmaking, illustrated by the help of photography. The author, who is a Major of the Canadian Active Militia, acknowledges frankly the sources from which he gathers much that is most readable in his book. Quotations are given at great length from such various authorities as Gardner Wilkinson, Rankin, Forsyth, Marco Polo, Frank Buckland, Humboldt, Topsell, Bruce, Palgrave, and many other explorers, some known, others unknown, to fame; a few trustworthy and several otherwise. The author's indebtedness to previous writers is, however, not to be measured by the passages embraced by inverted commas; and he (Major Nott) occasionally adopts as his own, or at least without acknowledgment of other origin, some offspring of ancient imagination that has been discredited by modern science and research. Such interest as this book undoubtedly possesses is, to a certain extent, marred by the author's lack of power to discriminate between fact and fiction. He would, apparently, accept with equal complacency and without comment the legends told by John Leo Africanus and the evidence carefully collated by Huxley, Owen, or Darwin. An illustration of this may be found in the chapter on the camel, wherein most diverse views of that animal's peculiarities are expressed; and there is one engraving, after a sketch by Dr. Chowton, in which the camel is represented in swift motion as no man ever saw a camel move. The book is, however, enriched with many phototypes of considerable value. The "foreshortening" is exaggerated by the false perspective of photography, but in many cases the characteristic attitudes and expressions have been very happily caught. Quite life-like portraits are given of a white bear, a Lühdorf's deer in the act of "belling," a chimpanzee, and an orang-outang; but the general result does not lead us to think that photography is likely to supersede the work of skilful artists as an aid to the study of wild animals and their habits.

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Mr. William Howes, Civil Engineer, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, London, was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using two bottles, all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

#### SUFFERED TWENTY YEARS—CURED.

Mr. J. Wilkinson, 88, Bentham-road, South Hackney, London, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain and brought about an effectual cure.

#### SUFFERED THIRTEEN YEARS—CURED.

Mr. George Greenfield, of Billingham, Sussex county, was afflicted with rheumatism in its worst form for thirteen years. After using St. Jacobs Oil, all pain left him entirely, and he was restored to health.

#### SUFFERED TWELVE YEARS—CURED.

Edward Evans, formerly employed by Davey and Moore, glass bottle manufacturers, London, suffered from the worst form of rheumatism for twelve years. He was treated at infirmaries, but was always discharged as incurable. His legs and hands were swollen to twice their natural size; he could not walk; the pain almost drove him frantic, and he felt as if hot irons were passing through his bones. The first application of St. Jacobs Oil relieved him, and continuing its use, the swelling left his limbs; in a week he could walk, all pain vanished, he enjoyed rest, which he had not done for years, and returned to his work.

#### SUFFERED SIX YEARS—CURED.

Mr. R. Turner, in the employ of Mr. John Penns, of Greenwich, the largest boiler and engine maker in the world, was a martyr to rheumatism in his arms and legs for six years. He tried every known remedy for such a trouble, but derived no benefit until he used St. Jacobs Oil. After a few applications of this remedy the pains entirely left him, he could use his limbs and work with the greatest ease.

#### SUFFERED SIX YEARS—CURED.

The father of Mr. Daniel Lincham, Mallow, county Cork, Ireland, suffered from rheumatism, and was unable to find relief for six years. From one application of St. Jacobs Oil he received marked benefit, and in a week all pain left him, and he was cured.

#### TERRIBLY SWOLLEN.

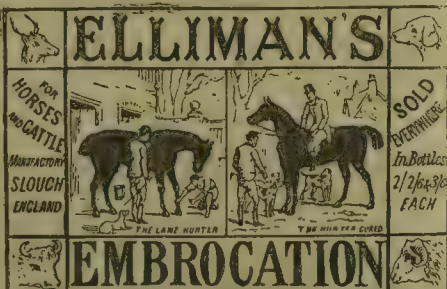
Mr. Henry Coates, 11, Cheatham-place, Adelaide-street, Kingston-upon-Hull, was a sufferer from rheumatism in its worst form. Not only was he unable to work, but often confined to his bed. His feet and ankles were terribly swollen, and two crutches would hardly support him. Twelve hours after applying St. Jacobs Oil he found relief. He continued its use, and was soon well. Now he can not only walk without a stick, but can run, and works every day.

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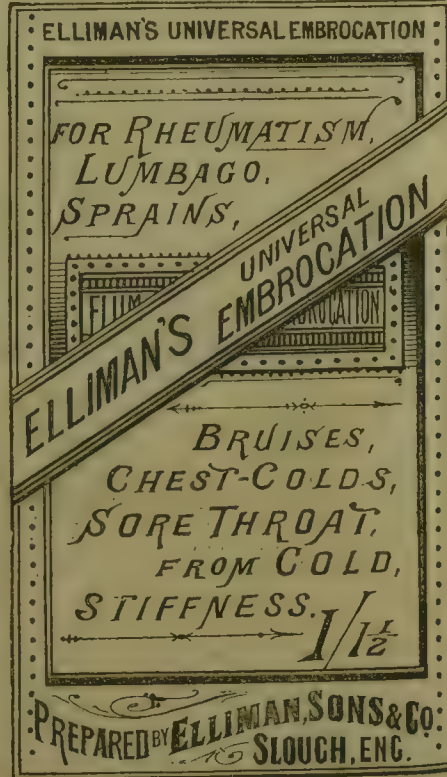


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FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.  
FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.  
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# CROTALUS

RATTLESNAKE BAR,

SIERRAS.

By Bret Harte.

No life in earth, or air, or sky ;  
The sunbeams, broken silently,  
On the bared rocks around me lie—

Bared rocks, with half-warmed lichens scarred,  
And scales of moss ; and scarce a yard  
Away, one long strip, yellow-barred.

Lost in a cleft, 'Tis but a stride  
To reach it, thrust its roots aside,  
And lift it on thy stick astride.

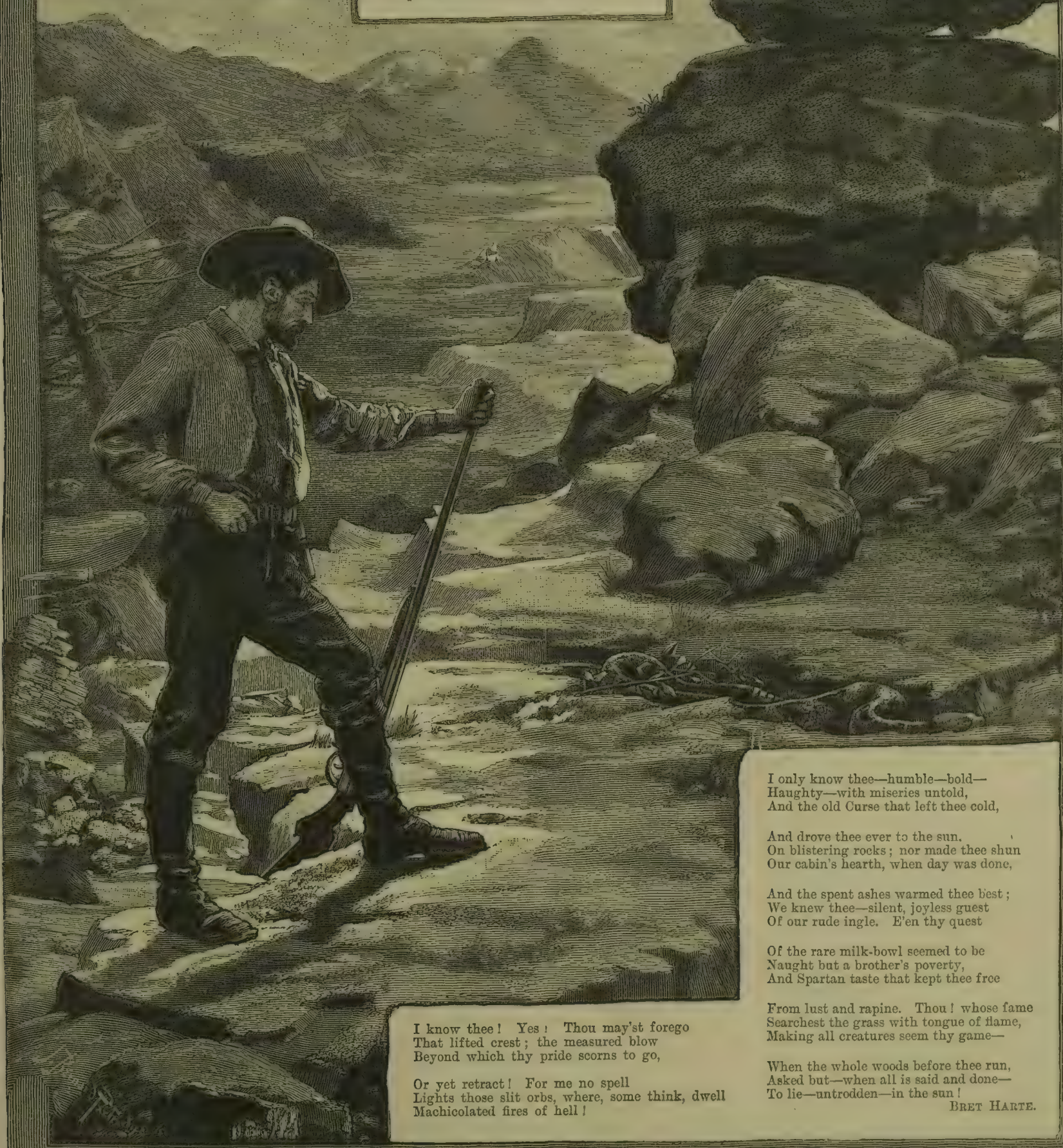
Yet stay ! That moment is thy grace !  
For round thee, thrilling air and space,  
A chattering terror fills the place—

A sound as of dry bones that stir  
In the Dead Valley ! By yon fir  
The locust stops its noonday whirr !

The wild bird hears : smote with the sound,  
As if by bullet brought to ground,  
On broken wing, dips, wheeling round !

The hare, transfixed, with trembling lip,  
Halts, breathless, on pulsating hip  
And palsied tread, and heels that slip.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Enough, old friend !—'tis thou. Forget  
My heedless foot, nor longer fret  
The peace with thy grim castanet !



I only know thee—humble—bold—  
Haughty—with miseries untold,  
And the old Curse that left thee cold,

And drove thee ever to the sun.  
On blistering rocks ; nor made thee shun  
Our cabin's hearth, when day was done,

And the spent ashes warmed thee best ;  
We knew thee—silent, joyless guest  
Of our rude ingle. E'en thy quest

Of the rare milk-bowl seemed to be  
Naught but a brother's poverty,  
And Spartan taste that kept thee free

From lust and rapine. Thou ! whose fame  
Searchest the grass with tongue of flame,  
Making all creatures seem thy game—

When the whole woods before thee run,  
Asked but—when all is said and done—  
To lie—untrodden—in the sun !

BRET HARTE.

I know thee ! Yes ! Thou may'st forego  
That lifted crest ; the measured blow  
Beyond which thy pride scorns to go,

Or yet retract ! For me no spell  
Lights those slit orbs, where, some think, dwell  
Machicolated fires of hell !



## NOVELS.

Opinions differ widely, thank goodness ! so that, although there may be readers who will see nothing but what is absurd and frivolous in *Half-Way*: by Miss Betham-Edwards (Sampson Low and Co.), there may be others who will be charmed with the spirit of the story, though they regretfully suggest that there is a lamentable want of substance; will admire the writer's common-sense; and will be much impressed by the sound doctrine insinuated rather than enunciated. At any rate, everybody must admit that the style is bright and exhilarating, that the old nurse—for all the rubbish she talks—is sometimes very amusing and occasionally very instructive, and that the writer has done good service in striving to remove English prejudices, and to show that in France, as well as in England, there are good, religious, truly Christian people, in various ranks of life, excellent fathers, mothers, and daughters, and even virtuous and exemplary wives and husbands. Pretty pictures of French life, whether in town or country, are presented; and altogether the two volumes, though not particularly inviting at the outset, may be read with no little pleasure by all but very superior persons, and to not a little profit. Slight indeed is the plot, uneventful is the tale (so far as momentous incidents are concerned), and the fundamental idea is remarkable rather for eccentricity than for genuine originality. A young English gentleman, who is determined to be a Romish priest, and a young English lady, who is equally (and, it would seem, consequently) determined to be a Protestant deaconess, are the hero and heroine; they have been very intimate, dear friends and all but lovers, in England; and they meet, by what appears to be something like "an accident done on purpose," in a certain French town. The young gentleman has taken with him the garments he will have to wear as a Romish priest; and the young lady has taken with her the queer garb she will have to assume as a Protestant deaconess. Her conduct in this respect is more comprehensible than his; for one would think that he could have been "fitted out" in France even better than in England, whereas the dress of a Protestant deaconess might be unfamiliar even to the experienced assistants of the celebrated Mr. Worth. However, the writer of the story wanted those garments "ready made," at the very commencement of the business, for the purposes of the narrative; great capital, indeed, is made out of them, and so there is no more to be said upon that point. When it is added that the young gentleman is the son of an English Dean, that the young lady is "her own mistress" (with some eight hundred a year and a faithful nurse for her sole chaperon), that the young gentleman meets with an accident which confines him to his bed, and that the young lady (being in the same French town and even in the same hotel in which he is laid up) insists upon nursing him, either personally with her own hands or vicariously by the agency of her chaperon, enough will surely have been divulged to make readers of the romantic sort "set on." They may think that they can see at once how the "cat" will "jump"; but they may be utterly mistaken, completely misled by their own conceit.

Michael, Gilbert, Roger, Otho, are the four men; Magdalen, Eleanor, Ada, are the three women, who do nearly all the work and the talk required to keep things going in *Borderland*: by Jessie Fothergill (Richard Bentley and Son), and the tale of three volumes is eked out by a good deal of "author," in the form of more or less necessary explanation, exposition of motives, moral and religious reflections, and quotations or adaptations of the language used on various occasions in the Psalms. The four men "had been friends in youth," or rather in childhood, and we all know what that is likely to lead to in after life, although in this particular case no whispering tongues appear to have poisoned truth, nor did any two of them stand apart for ever, like rocks that have been rent asunder. Certainly, Michael and Gilbert, who were born brothers, had a serious disagreement, so that one figuratively kicked the other out of the house, and Roger was within an ace of horsewhipping Otho; but neither the language, nor the proceedings, nor yet the consequences, so far as the four pristine friends are concerned, seem to have been such as are to be inferred from the hints dropped by Coleridge in his celebrated poem, touching upon a little quarrel between a sort of David and a sort of Jonathan. Gilbert apparently treated Michael somewhat after the fashion in which Jacob treated Esau; but most readers will consider that Michael was a little choleric and rash for so high-souled, chivalrous a "party," that Gilbert did all for the best, and that, had their father explained (as he easily might have done) in his will the reasons for the extraordinary course he had taken, Michael would have been the first to acknowledge—with a shrug of the shoulders, perhaps, and a pleasant smile—that the old gentleman had acted very wisely, if not paternally. It is true that, in that case, Michael might (though it is not very probable) have married Magdalen; and then what would Eleanor have done? Otho, too, in that case, might never have become so familiar with poor Ada, or, if he had, might have married her honourably, instead of ruining her dishonourably; and then what would have become of all those scenes in which Roger comes out so well, though he does not actually commit a violent assault? Otho, of course, is the leading villain of the story, and it is made out that his villainy is not altogether unconnected with horse-racing. Of that subject, however, the novelist would seem to have but a very slight knowledge, so that the remarks concerning it are extremely vague, desultory, and bewildering: something is said about scratching a horse for the Derby; and the perplexed reader is further astounded at certain observations, which seem to imply that a horse which is scratched for the Derby of one year can run for the Grand Prix of the next; or else that, if a fraud be intended, if a four-year-old is to be substituted for a three-year-old, the concoctor of the proposed fraud will speak of it quite openly and frankly before ladies, who are certainly not his accomplices. Such ingenuousness is most refreshing.

A really good, sound novel, of the quiet order, but of superior quality, is *John Westacott*: by James Baker (Sampson Low and Co.), a story in which the quietness is relieved by plenty of sprightly dialogue, many pretty, idyllic scenes, some interesting portraits, a little pleasant chat about literature, one outburst of strong passion, and a perfectly legitimate tragical catastrophe, well worked up to, pathetically described, and satisfactorily relieved. The style of writing testifies to a considerable amount of taste and mental cultivation, and the confession of John Westacott to a knowledge of the human heart, and of the wickedness which men, who are really not altogether bad, will commit without much compunction under stress of circumstances, when passion is too strong to be resisted, and yet fear of society suggests a dishonourable course for the sake of avoiding an honourable but disadvantageous surrender. There can be no doubt that John Westacott's frank admission of scoundrelly intentions was strictly in accordance with truth and with the way of the world; that he was saved from the disgrace of carrying them out was due rather to good luck and to the siege of Paris than to his own virtuous

resolutions. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus," and to that indisputable verity it must be ascribed that John Westacott did not reach the superlative and irremediable stage of baseness; at the positive and even at the comparative he had certainly arrived. It is emphatically a nice and a meritorious novel—easy, natural, without the least appearance of pretentious effort; and, if we all had our deserts, the author, as author of this simple tale, would be allowed—even by Hamlet—to escape whipping.

## POETRY.

It has been well said that the sonnet is a form of poetry in which style is put under high pressure, and the condensation of thought demanded of the sonnet writer requires a corresponding thoughtfulness on the part of the reader. Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer is well known in literary circles, if not by the public, as a poet who treats in verse of some of the profoundest difficulties that in our days perplex the intellect and too often sadden the heart. She has won high praise, and how far she deserves it may be judged from a collection of *Sonnets* (Field and Tuer), prepared by her husband. It is no disparagement to the writer's power to say that she is a creature of the age—an age in which, if there be much faith, there is more questioning and doubt. Mrs. Pfeiffer is more of the seer than of the minstrel, and belongs, to quote her own words, to the—

Poets who gather truth with bended back,  
And give forth speech of it as on the rack.

There are, therefore, no dreamy musings in this little volume, no delicious fancies, none of that sensuous joy in life and love, felt by the easy-hearted poets, who—

... bathe their souls in lights of summer skies.

The reader will understand, therefore, that these sonnets will not yield all their meaning and beauty on a first perusal; some of them, indeed, we venture to think, are weightier with thought than imagination. Mrs. Pfeiffer is over-burdened with the mystery of life, and has a message to deliver, for which verse is not, perhaps, always a fit vehicle. One of the most powerful pieces in the volume is an address to Nature as "Dread Force." This poem made a profound impression on the late Mark Pattison, as well it might, and yet, fine though it is, we should hesitate to pronounce it a great sonnet, since the energy that pervades it is not due to imagination. That the volume is a true poet's work no reader can doubt. Especially have we been struck with "The Soul's Prayer," with one beginning with the line "Where is the East? Sirs, we have journeyed far"; and with another, on page 113, in which the poet craves to live a careless life with Nature:—

To drink new joy at every stream I meet,  
Earth's flowery laughers breaking at my feet,  
And feel the lustier blood within me thrive.

The reader must not fail also to read a noble sonnet, worthy of Mrs. Browning, called "The Gospel of Dread Tidings." Having read these he will read more, and he should do so with the patience and thoughtful attention that work of such high culture demands.

There is much to commend in *Lays and Legends*, by E. Nesbit (Longmans), and amidst the variety of poems which fill the volume, we have met with few that are deficient in musical rhythm and intellectual power. Here, however, as in so many books of verse, metrical art is more obvious than imagination. The highest harmony, indeed, can never be produced except under the influence of the imaginative faculty; but it is not necessary to "body forth the forms of things unseen" in order to produce mellifluous or tersely expressed verses. There is music, and passion too, in "The Moat-House," a tale of woman's trust and of man's perfidy; and the reader will not fail to mark a poem full of strength and originality called "Absolution," in which a beautiful penitent acknowledges her love for the priest to whom she had been wont to tell her "sinless sins"—

The prayers forgotten, or the untold beads,  
The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds  
Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.

The effect of this confession upon the priest is very striking; indeed, the whole piece is admirable in conception and execution. Another notable poem is "The Singing of the Magnificat," a legend which relates how the pious monks of a certain abbey were vexed with grief that not a brother of all the house could sing—

The brothers prayed with penance and with tears,  
That God would let them give some little part  
Out, for the solace of their own sad ears,  
Of all the music crowded in their heart:  
Their nature and the marsh air had their way,  
And still they sang more vilely every day.

So they ask a monk from another cloister, blessed with an exquisite voice to sing the Magnificat on Christmas Eve, which he does with such skill that the brothers all stand breathless with delight. That night the Abbot has a vision, and an angel appears, who asks why the Magnificat had not been sung as usual; and then the good monk learns that the fine singer's voice failed to reach Heaven, as he was filled with lust of praise; and the angel adds, leaving for the reader an excellent moral—

In Heaven, God, listening, judged your song complete,  
The sweetest of earth's music came from you—  
The music of a noble life and true.

There are one or two lyrics in the volume written, apparently, to catch the ears of the Socialists—

Give us our rights, make us equal and free—  
Let us be all we are not, but might be,

is one of those fair-sounding requests that will not bear examination; and when the writer adds that this poetical protest is a wild one, we are inclined to agree with him.

There is no form of poetry so difficult as the drama, and no kind of verse so difficult as blank verse. Among Shakspeare's incomparable gifts is his mastery of the flexible versification needed by the dramatist; and the reader has only to compare it with the method of Lord Byron in his plays to see how exquisite the elder poet's ear must have been, and how defective was that of the younger. These remarks are suggested to us by a volume, not without considerable merit, entitled *The Queen's Innocent, with other Poems*, by Elise Cooper (Stott). The poem that gives its name to the book is dramatic in form, but with little mastery of versification or vigorous distinction of character. The drama is of great length, occupying upwards of 150 pages, and the plot, though not wholly without art, is feebly developed. Such long-winded explanations of past events as the Queen gives to her husband, for example, show that the writer lacks in great measure the dramatic instinct. Nardi, the Queen's Innocent, who is supposed to be not quite sound in intellect, is the best character in the piece, and one or two of the subordinate personages of the drama act reasonable parts; but neither the Queen nor her enemy the Princess Cleodora, nor the Pretender to the throne, is worked out with consistency and strength. And yet, in spite of these critical objections, we must acknowledge that we have read the play with interest. If the writer has tried her hand for the first time in this volume, there is no reason why there should not be marked signs of progress in a second. This may be moderate praise, indeed; but we could not hold out even a hope like this to many of the ambitious versifiers whose crude efforts come before us. The "other poems" in

Miss Cooper's volume are not numerous, and in several of them there is a marked faculty of song. Something more than the faint praise poets and poetasters dislike so much may be given to "April," to "An Invitation in July," and to some pretty verses headed "Cloud." This stanza must have been written in a happy moment for the verse-makers' art:—

There is an end to every lovely thing,  
And so this sweetest day is gone for ever;  
Life is all eadance, throbbing to the swing  
Of some mysterious rhythm—hands clasp to sever,  
Lips cling to part; the tide that buoys the bark  
Ebbes and then flows; the dawn succeeds the dark.  
We yet shall live beholden  
For other days as golden.

The poetical drama, which is the highest form of the poet's art, has not been treated with great success by modern poets. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the best modern work of this kind is not fitted for the stage. Sir Henry Taylor's noble dramas are written for the closet; Lord Tennyson's, rich though they be in poetry, would not, if written by an unknown author, have been accepted by any manager; and no stagecraft could make a popular piece of Mr. Swinburne's "Bothwell." *Nivalis: a Tragedy in Five Acts*, by J. M. W. Schwartz (Kegan Paul), is equally unfitted for the theatre. It is a poem in a dramatic form, containing some powerful scenes, and many fine lines; but wanting in concentration of purpose, and in that steady movement towards the final catastrophe which one looks for in the drama. We need not doubt that Mr. Schwartz saw his subject distinctly when writing the tragedy; but the reader is not carried on step by step, and is as much startled as Queen Nivalis herself on discovering that her lover, Prince Giulio, had poisoned her late husband. The effect of this discovery upon the Queen, at the time when she is on the point of marrying Giulio, is forcibly rendered; and her feelings, as they well might, verge upon insanity. When Anselmo, who brings the dreadful news, goes out, her reason begins to totter, and she exclaims:—

Gone! Hark, a word! Thou awful silence, speak!  
Who saw this man? Or was't a fiend, think ye?  
Quick! Call him back. Nay, I have heard enough.  
Ha, ha, enough! Who spake of murder? Hush!  
None spake of murder. 'Tis a lie, a lie!  
Then is he gone, and hope is gone with him.

Hark, the sound of voices!

Is that the distant murmur of the street?  
Sir, know you not it is my wedding-day?  
I must make haste and deck me for the feast.  
My lord delays. What spreading stains are these  
Upon my robe? I cannot wear it thus.  
Take it away. What! blood? Who says 'tis blood?  
He lies! he lies! How came my hands thus marked?  
Nay, they are wet! And thine are red, my lord!  
How comes a bridegroom thus with dripping hands?  
Drag him to prison! Drag him from my sight!  
Tear him in pieces! Cast his treacherous heart  
To feed the vultures! Oh, my love, my love!

The interview between Nivalis and Giulio in the prison has also much pathetic power; but we fail to see why the populace, proverbially fickle as they are, should have resolved at this crisis to choose Giulio for their King. "Nivalis" is we think, defective as a work of art, but it has many passages of strength and beauty, and, if it be the production of a young man, is rich in promise for the future.

The difference between the poet's method of telling a story and the method of the novelist may be difficult to define, but the reader is generally conscious when, as for example in "Aurora Leigh," a poet ventures into the domain of the romance writer. In Mrs. Browning's wonderful work the splendid poetry is sometimes less prominent than the narrative, and the tale itself deals with incidents too commonplace, we do not say too simple, for blank verse. *Philip Molesworth, and other Poems*, by Mrs. Frederick Prideaux (Sampson Low), contains the story of a life, written at large, beginning with the season of boyhood and ending with old age; and Philip Molesworth, not content with telling his own tale, relates also that of a fair French girl, Gabrielle L'Estrange, his father's great-granddaughter. Rather more than half the volume is devoted to Philip's autobiography, which abounds in picturesque incidents, and is related in pure English. There is an elevation in the tone of the narrative, and the verse never halts on lame feet. Mrs. Prideaux has a sufficient command of her instrument, writing throughout with fluency and grace. The whole tale, indeed, is rich in poetical imagery and feeling; and yet we cannot but feel that it is more of a tale than a poem. This, however, is not an opinion to be pronounced dogmatically; and we suspect that the judgments passed upon it are not likely to be unanimous. Among the miscellaneous poems, we have read with pleasure "St. Augustine in the Garden at Milan," "At Festiniog," and a fine sonnet on "Desultory Reading," reprinted from the *Spectator*.

A great variety of talent, a power of poetical expression in many forms, is exhibited throughout the pages of two neat volumes entitled, respectively, *Three Lyrical Dramas and Passages from Some Journals; and Other Poems*: by M. D. C. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), in which attempts—and in some cases very successful attempts—are made in almost every style known to the English muse, save the epic. The three dramas, we are informed by the author, were "written for setting as operas," which is reasonably considered a sufficient plea for whatever irregularity may be noticed in metre and rhyme. But, however that may be, it is certain that the operas with which we are most familiar would be the better for having *libretti* which only approximately attained to the poetical standard of these charming little dramas. Of the three, the second will probably be considered the best, chiefly because the subject is so familiar and so touching. It is treated with great delicacy and pathos; and, trite as the theme may appear to students of the ancient classics, there are few who will be able to read without emotion, anxiety, and suspense, this representation of the unshaken confidence which Damon exhibited, and of the unflinching honour with which Pythias redeemed his promise. In the miscellaneous poems the author, of course, is unequal (so, we are told, was Homer himself): at one time the flight is as high as Parnassus; at another, very near the ground.

At a general assembly of the Royal Academy of Arts, held yesterday week, Mr. Marcus Stone, painter, was elected an Academician, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, sculptor, an Associate.

The farmers of Lancashire and Cheshire have formed a Co-operative Society, and opened business premises at Warrington, where they are selling English-fed beef at prices ranging from fourpence per pound upwards, and mutton and pork from fivepence. They have established a social club in the same building.

The second annual conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians at Birmingham was brought to a close yesterday week. Mr. A. Page, of Nottingham, read a paper on "The Value of Mental Reading in Music," and, on his proposition, the conference passed a resolution in favour of ear tests forming part of the musical education of children. A discussion took place on a paper by Mr. C. E. Stephens, of London, on "Antiquated Forms of Counterpoint," and a resolution in favour of rules more in accordance with modern music was adopted. The next conference is to be held in London.



HOLIDAY GRUMBLERS.

"I won't go through the mockery of wishing you a merry Christmas," said a man to me the other day. He was a very young man, and I let it pass. But presently another person described Christmas as a "miserable time"—think of that, middle-aged readers, who have still some memory of Dickens!—and upon inquiry I found it to be a matter of common observation that many people in these days do profanely and heretically presume to grumble at our yearly merry-making. This fact, if a melancholy one, was interesting; and I set myself to discover its reason—which, after some expenditure of time and thought, I think I have done.

It is not the mere "Christmas bills"—a singularly unkind and misleading name, by-the-way: these yearly accounts would come in every bit as much if no soul among us had his holiday or his little home festivities now. No; people do not even say that it is the bills. They "don't like Christmas," and there an end. Nor can it be the weather. If you want the very worst, coldest, foggiest, sleeti-est, sloppiest weather, you must go to somewhere about the end of January, I take it. And then, in midwinter, if it is cold, it is seasonable; and if it is warm—then, at all events, it is not cold.

Do some people grumble at the holidays because most other people like them, and they—the minority, the some people—wish to be thought singular and cynical? This affectation of cynicism is no doubt an abominable complaint, which has been common in all ages; it results, as a rule, from a combination of a good deal of stupidity with more than the average amount of conceit, and is believed to be the one thing in the world of no use to anybody.

None of these classes, however, comprise all those who find fault with our little yearly break in the round of work; nor is the remainder entirely made up of the bachelors and other solitary people who find the Christmas holiday a time of loneliness when the world all round is rejoicing. Yet their complaint cannot but touch the humane imagination. The family of a young clerk lives afar off, and he does not see his way to take two long, cold, expensive journeys for a day or two of meeting; and so he stays in his lonely lodgings. Here he sits and spends his Christmas evening—remote, unfriended, solitary, very slow—in his dull room, the incessant rain beating upon the window, and envies—can you wonder?—the jolly Christmas parties round about.

Yet here comes in what, I believe, is called the "personal equation." Whether one sympathises with such a hermit, or not, depends entirely on whether one has any dread of that which alone causes his misery—solitude. There are some who would hardly care to call up a pleasanter picture than this of the bachelor sitting by his snug fire, after a quiet little dinner, his toes upon the hearth, with a cheery book to keep him company (and, if his tastes lie that way, just a glass of seasonable grog steaming beside him, fit comrade of his faithful pipe). The stormy winds may blow outside, or paterfamilias next-door stagger beneath a hurricane of children—but he is tranquil, fishing on a summer afternoon, with Izaak Walton; or trudging by the brown fields, with Burns; or gazing, with Shelley, at a crimson sunset over a wild sea. Nay, if he love horrors or mystery, he may gloat over Gaboriau or Stevenson till the fire flickers out and he steals to bed, half-afraid to hear his own murderous double on the stairs behind him.

Yet men who go home, as well as men who stay away; men who are always at home, as well as men who have no home to go to—classify the world how we will, we shall find among all the classes grumblers at the holidays. What universal characteristic is it, then, of holidays which causes them to be grumbled at?

Holidays are a break. The Christmas holidays nearly always mean four clear days of rest: Wednesday is the only day upon which Christmas can fall which is sufficiently remote from the Sundays before and after to make it at all difficult to press one or other of these into the service. So, at this time—and at those lesser feasts which have brought the name of Lubbock into the calendar—the influences which are tending to convert millions of men and women into mere machines are for the moment checked.

Now, there are countless men in London alone who will tell you with absolute pride and rejoicing of the precise regularity of their daily lives: how they get out of bed at the stroke of seven-thirty, breakfast at five minutes past eight—"He hasn't been a minute behind these twenty years," chimes in the faithful wife, who could hardly admire her husband more wholly if he were a Waterbury watch; how they reach the office door as the bells of St. Benet Sherehog or St. Botolph in the Wardrobe (or whatever be their wonderful City church) are chiming nine; how they sit at the selfsame desk, for eight hours a day, three hundred days in the year, taking only an exact half-hour for lunch; and return daily by an omnibus whose passengers and conductor are all old acquaintance, and daily exchange the same original and piquant criticisms on the weather and the times—whereof the former is generally "seasonable," and the latter invariably bad.

Do these men realise that something like nine-tenths of their daily deeds are done mechanically, unconsciously, without any real thought or reason? Do they suppose that, with nine-tenths of their life so carried on, they can wake up for the remaining tenth—shake off the machine, and become independent, actively-thinking, responsible human beings?

They take it for granted that they can; they take it for granted that they are awake all day long, and capable of good or evil; they take everything for granted. I believe that they even believe they originate those remarks about the weather.

And Christmas changes all this. For four days they are, within limits, free agents: a dangerous responsibility for creatures so out of practice, as the police reports show. The world is all before them where to choose—they can go where they like, do what they like, even get up when they like; but they must choose. It is a bewildering, an oppressive necessity; and a proof of this is the number of ways in which it is avoided. "I always go to my Uncle Samuel's," says one. "My wife's people always spend Christmas with us," says another—and all with conscious pride: most of all those who have from the very beginning escaped the necessity of choice—whose evasion is hereditary. "I always go to Hampstead at Christmas—my father did before me!"

Still, at best the holiday is an interruption, a break; the habit of once a year is not like the habit of every day; and it is not to be wondered at if the machine that is losing all consciousness of humanity resents even this awakening. So brief a break in the mechanical year may be the saving of a man—may "make a man of him" in literal truth, a free, thinking being—and everybody knows that being saved is not a pleasant process. It is, I verily believe, this feeling "the weight of too much liberty" this oppression of responsibility, this need of thought, that is the real reason of many a man's dislike to Christmas. He "doesn't like holidays," he owns it candidly; he "misses his work." His mind is empty and helpless; he cannot exercise it on the world around—it can do nothing but what it has been wound up to do. He is absolutely at a loss for occupation, for he can only do things by habit, and he may not even have acquired the habit of intoxication. E. R.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J A (Berks).—Please send your problem on a diagram.

H M S (Tadcaster).—You are required to get the King to A 1, yet you leave his Majesty at C 3, and call your process a solution! Go to!

W D W (Aberdeen).—In Chess Nut No. 1, the answer to 1. B takes P (ch) is 1. Kt takes B (ch), &c.

M J (Wolton).—See answer to W D W.

J G (Liversedge).—Write for a catalogue to James Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

W J G (Cirencester).—There is no rule without exceptions. It is, generally speaking, bad to bring out the Queen early in the opening, presenting her as a mark for the adverse minor pieces. Get a book on the openings.

Q E D.—All correct solutions are acknowledged. Both your proposed solutions of No. 223 are wide of the mark.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J A W Hunter, G Heathcote (Manchester), and C J P (Mayfair).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2220, 2221, and 2222 received from Dina Bundhee Sen (Bengal); of No. 2223 from O H B (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2224 from An Old Lady (Petersen, U.S.A.); and G O N (Providence, U.S.A.); of No. 2225 from C F Field (St. Petersburg); of No. 2226 from N J P Warner, A (Salisbury Club), Indagator, Stroud Green, R F N Banks, C F Field, T G (Ware), W F M Ross, John C Bremner, J A Symmons, M Nanderstone (Bruges), L Beirlant (Bruges), Maxwell Jackson, W A P, and W H D Henvey; of the Chess Nuts: No. 1 from Rev. Winfield Cooper, N J P Warner, W A P, Digits, T G (Ware), John C Bremner, and R Worters (Canterbury); of No. 2 from Rev. Winfield Cooper, N J P Warner, C F Field (St. Peter-burg), H Reeve, R Tweddell, W A P, W Bussy, Digits, R Worters, and Rev. J Thomas; of No. 3 from N J P Warner, W A P, and John C Bremner; of No. 4 from N J P Warner, A Salisbury Club, W A P, Columbus, T G (Ware), T H, John C Bremner, and R Worters.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2230 received from R H Brooks, I Falcon (Antwerp), Nerina, Shadforth, E Elsbury, George Joicey, C R Baxter, L Sharrwood, Ernest Sharrwood, E Loudon, H W T Bruckbank, E Casella (Paris), L Wyman, Sergeant James Sage, Ben Norris, North-lac, R L Southwell, W Heathcote, G Heathcote, R Tweddell, Jupiter Junior, T G (Ware), W Hillier, R claud Murphy (Wexford), H Wardle, G W Law, G Williams, T Roberts, N S Harris, Rev. W C Lee, C R Lee, A C Hunt, Otto Fulder, E Featherstone, C Darragh, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Joseph Ainsworth, John C Bremner, E E H, H Reeve, New Forest, Alpha, D McCoy, and J H (South Hampstead).

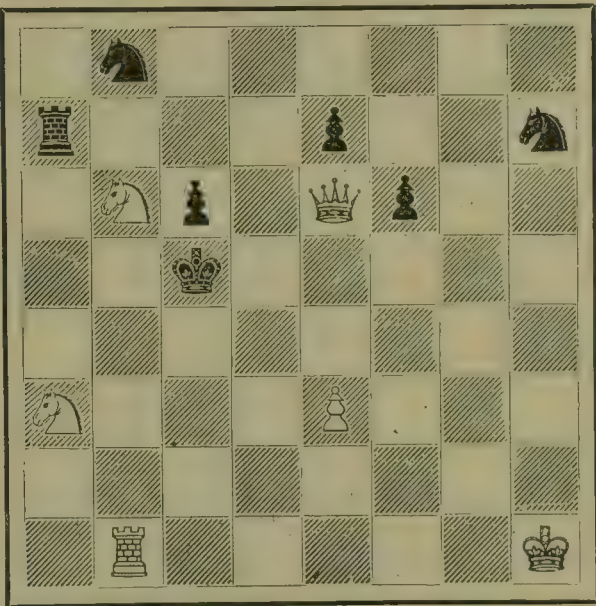
No. 2228.		No. 2229.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R (Q B 4th) to B 8th	P moves	1. B to K 7th	Any move
2. Kt to Q B 7th	K moves	2. Mates accordingly.	
3. R mates.			

At the request of several correspondents we hold over the solutions of the Christmas Chess Nuts until next week.

PROBLEM No. 2232.

By FRANK HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

An off-hand Game, played recently at Bath, between Messrs. THEOROLD and WAITE.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	15. Castles (Q R)	P to Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P to Q B 4th	B takes B
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 4th	17. K P takes B	Kt to Q 5th
		18. Q to Q 2nd	Q to R 5th
		19. B takes Kt	Q takes P
		20. B to K 3rd	
Rather an irregular Sicilian, and nearly allied to the Three Knights' Game.		"Homer sometimes nods." Mr. Waite here overlooked that he left a forced mate open, as follows:—	
4. B to B 4th	P to K R 3rd	20. Q to R 8th (ch)	P to Kt 6th (ch)
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. K to B 2nd	R to Q Kt sq (ch)
6. Kt to Q 5th	B to K 2nd	22. K takes P	Q to R 4th (ch)
7. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. K to B 3rd	Q to R 5th (ch)
8. P to K R 3rd	Castles	24. K to B 2nd	Q to R 8th (ch)
9. P to K Kt 4th	Kt takes Kt	25. K to B sq	Q takes P
10. B takes Kt	B to K 3rd	26. K to B 2nd	Mate.
11. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd		
12. P to Kt 5th	P to K R 4th		
13. Kt to B 4th	P to Kt K 3rd		
14. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		

Two lively Games from the *Adelade Observer*, one of the best of the colonial chess papers.

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	5. B takes P (ch)	K to R sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	B to B 4th	6. Castles	Kt takes P
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	7. Q to R 5th	Kt to Kt 4th
4. Kt takes P	Castles	8. Kt to Kt 6th	Mate
WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	8. P takes P	K Kt to Kt 5th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	9. B tks K B P (ch)	K takes B
4. Castles	B to B 4th	10. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
5. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	11. Q to Q 5th (ch)	
6. P to Q B 3rd	B to R 4th		

A match between the London University and a team of the City of London Chess Club was played at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-Street, on the 5th inst. There were twelve competitors aside, and the play resulted in a victory for the men of the City with a score of 6½ to 5½. The following shows the pairing of the players and their respective scores:—

LONDON UNIVERSITY.		CITY OF LONDON.	
Rev. W. Waite ..	.. 1	F. Anger ..	.. ½
Dr. Hunt ..	.. 1	S. J. Stevens ..	.. 0
H. Jacobs ..	.. 1	W. T. Chappell ..	.. 0
H. J. Sheppard ..	.. 0	G. A. Hooke ..	.. 1
W. C. Coupland ..	.. 0	L. Stiebel ..	.. 1
L. Langwill ..	.. 1	B. F. Bussy ..	.. 0
R. Robson ..	.. 1	E. O. Jones ..	.. 0
U. B. Brodribb ..	.. 0	J. H. Clarke ..	.. 1
T. W. Smith ..	.. ½	A. W. Daniel ..	.. ½
H. W. Montflet ..	.. ½	S. Hawkins ..	.. ½
H. A. Nesbitt ..	.. 0	E. Bailey ..	.. 1
G. C. Hollings ..	.. 0	A. Barraud ..	.. 1
	5½		6½

Mr. Blackburne played thirty games simultaneously on the 6th inst. against that number of members of the Railway Chess Club, in the large dining-hall of the Clearing House. Mr. Blackburne was suffering from a severe cold, and consequently did not play with his accustomed ease and rapidity, the result being that a large number of unfinished games had to be abandoned as drawn. The final score was Mr. Blackburne won 12, drew 16, and lost 2, the last to Messrs. Tarrant and H. S. Bailey respectively.

The *Bohemian*, an *Unconventional Paper*, is the title of a new weekly, which devotes a considerable portion of its space to chess, whist, and draughts. The chess department opens with two excellent problems in three moves, a game between Mr. W. M. Guttle and the Rev. W. Waite, a brief—too brief—biography of Paul Morphy, and the news of the week. We wish the enterprise all the success so promising a beginning deserves.

The Queen has become an annual subscriber of £20 to the National Association for Promoting the Civil Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers.

A BLACK PAGE IN HISTORY.

In the whole record of superstition there is perhaps nothing more melancholy than the persecution for witchcraft, which attained its height in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Those were days when men distinguished for intellect and goodness sympathised with the most ignorant rustics in their horror of witches. Bishop Jewell, Sir Thomas Browne, Judge Hale, Sir Edward Coke, and, in later days, even Sir W. Blackstone, express a belief in witchcraft, though Blackstone thought it safer to say, with Addison, that, while there is such a crime, one cannot give credit to any modern instance of it. James I., as everyone knows, wrote a book against sorcery and witchcraft, in which he insists upon the duty of putting those who practise them to death. He attended the "examination" of the supposed witches himself, and examination meant torture. Richard Baxter, one of the best of men, writes of witnessing the execution of "a great number of witches," without a thought that their sentence was an unjust one. The cruel arts practised by witch-hunters seem to have been permitted by the law, and an old woman, once suspected, had but small chance of escape. Stripped and tightly bound, she was thrown into the water, when, on sinking to the bottom, she was acquitted; but drowned; if she rose to the surface, she was convicted and burnt. The horrors enacted in France, and still more in Germany, during the seventeenth century, surpass description. Beautiful girls and tender children were forced to confess anything their persecutors desired, and the pious zeal for burning wizards was encouraged by the Bishops of the Romish Church. But this zeal was not confined to Romanists.

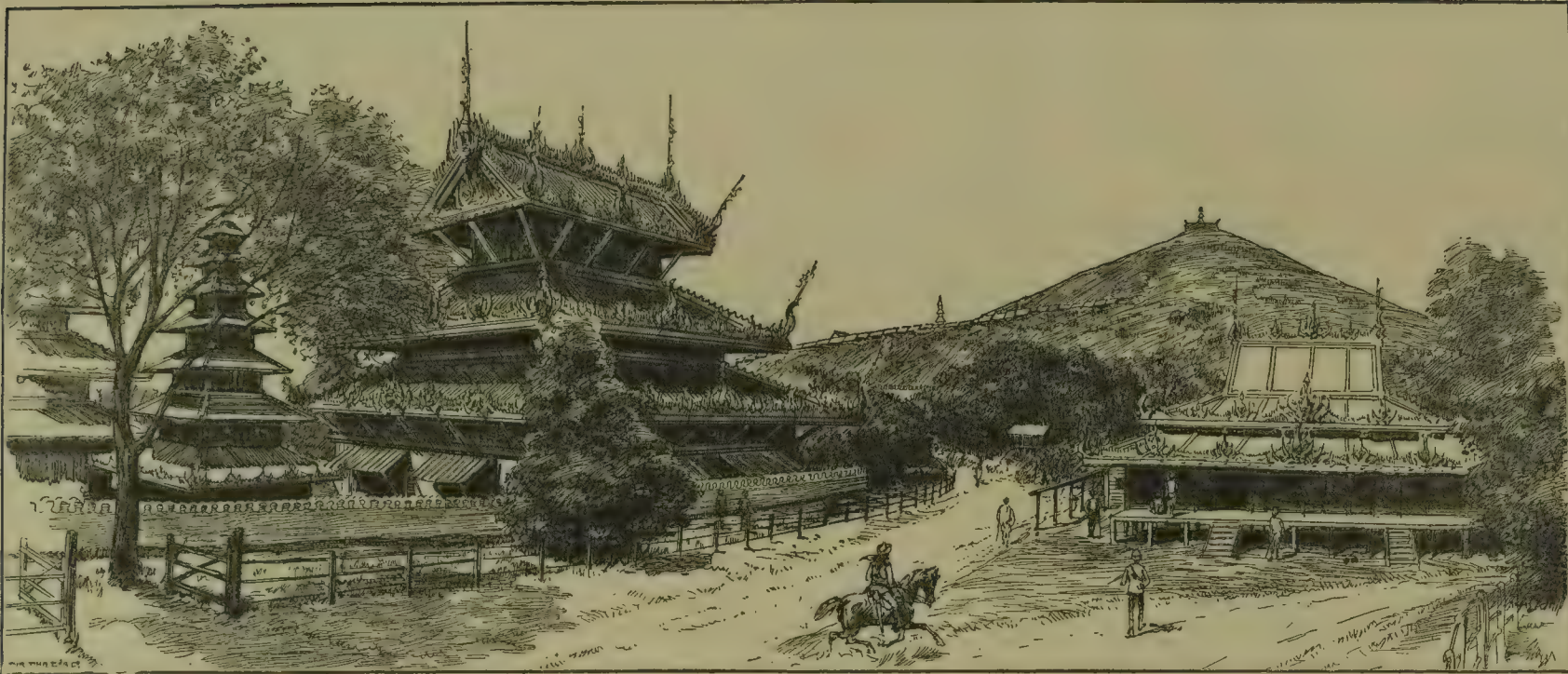
A painful and yet beautiful German story, entitled "Maria Schweidler die Bernsteinhexe," published more than forty years ago, gives, perhaps, one of the most vivid pictures to be found in history or fiction of the horrors caused, about the time of the Thirty Years' War, by a belief in witchcraft, and of the power this belief gave to bad men dressed in a little brief authority. The book, which has the charm of romance and the fidelity of a chronicle, was translated by Lady Duff Gordon, and is now probably forgotten; but it does not deserve such a fate, and no reader who is allured into the study of the black art can afford to pass it by; nor any reader, we may add, who can enjoy a tale which has a grateful old-world flavour and is full of the most natural and homely touches. Pastor Schweidler, who tells the story of his beautiful daughter's sorrows, is as simple-minded as Parson Adams, and reminds us both of him and of the Vicar of Wakefield.

But if Germany was more under the influence of a superstition felt alike by Roman Catholics and Protestants than any other European country, England and Scotland did not lag far behind. To what lengths the belief in witchcraft was carried in the northern country Sir Walter Scott has told us. There eight thousand persons are said to have been burnt in the last forty years of the sixteenth century; and in England, from 1603 to 1680, seventy thousand witches were executed. This was wholesale slaughter with a vengeance, and it was not confined to the Old World. The Pilgrim Fathers, who fled from persecution, persecuted in their turn, and witches were as badly treated as heretics. Dr. Cotton Mather, who writes the story of the war waged with evil spirits in New England, has not a word to say against the cruel treatment of the poor people supposed to be possessed by them. His "Ecclesiastical History of New England" forms, perhaps, one of the most remarkable illustrations of credulity and superstition the world has seen. Mather, as the titlepage of his work testifies, was "reverend and learned"; he was pious and sincere; and yet with the greatest gravity, and with suitable expressions of horror, he piles up the most ridiculous illustrations of witchcraft and of demoniacal possession, and vouches for them either as an eye-witness, or upon what he regards as unimpeachable testimony. Indeed, he says there was such evidence for the truth of his stories, that "no reasonable man in the whole country ever did question them." Which is a great pity, for a little honest doubt might have prevented the cruel death of many innocent people! The good historian is not what he calls "one of St. Thomas's men," for he doubts nothing. A woman to whom the Devil appeared in the shape of deer skipping about her, and who had strange fits, "wherein her tongue was improved by a demon," was executed; another suffered for familiarity with the Devil, who swept up the hearth for her; another for throwing children into fits when "their necks would be broken, so that their backbone would seem dissolved unto them that felt after it," and they would complain, among other annoyances, of being "roasted on an invisible spit." And the fact that a cat was seen to jump in at a poor woman's window was regarded as evident proof of her guilt. Many of Mather's tales would be amusing were it not for their too frequently sad ending. He admits, however, that the more they apprehended witches, the more were people accused of witchcraft, until such was the number and quality of the accused persons that the Governor reprieved all that were condemned. Upon which matter Mather naively observes:—"When the prosecution ceased, the Lord so chained up Satan that the afflicted grew presently well. The accused are generally quiet, and for five years since we have no such molestation by them."

Happily, in the darkest times there were men who did not believe in witchcraft, and were bold enough to say so. One of these was a Dutchman of the name of Loos, of whom an interesting account has lately appeared in an American journal. He was a man of great ability and great fervour, a Professor in the University of Treves. At that time the persecution of witches was at its height, and a magistrate of the city who tried to moderate it, being suspected of collusion with the witches, was tortured and burned. Some years before a physician named Weyer had written against demoniacal possession. Loos read his book, and was convinced by the argument. With generous self-forgetfulness, and at the risk of fortune, and even of life, the Professor opposed the prevailing superstition. A Bishop had written on the orthodox side of the question. Loos resolved to answer the book, but his manuscript, when a few sheets had been printed off, was confiscated by the Inquisition, and the author arrested on the charge of heresy. He recanted, no doubt under the influence of torture, and was banished. Then he committed the old fault again, and was imprisoned for some months. Once more at liberty, he transgressed a third time, but died before the arm of the magistrate could reach him. Three centuries have gone by since then, and his book was supposed to have perished. Strange to say, however, the confiscated original has been recently discovered at Treves by an American gentleman, with marks apparently in the handwriting of Loos himself. The manuscript will probably be printed; and the publication will not be without significance. J. D.

Remitted from the Queen's Bench for assessment of damages, an action for libel brought against Mr. Dicks, proprietor of *Bow Bells*, by Mr. William Black, the novelist, came before a jury in the Middlesex Sheriff's Court, the plaintiff being awarded £100.





THE EUROPEAN FIELD HOSPITAL AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT MANDALAY.

## SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

"Our Troops in Burmah," as we have already mentioned, include the 3rd Ghorka regiment from India, one of whose officers, Captain C. Pulley, continues to supply us with interesting sketches.

The European Field Hospital and Medical Officers' Quarters of the force now concentrated in and about Mandalay are situated in Kyoungs (elaborately carved wooden houses) formerly occupied by Poongyees (or priests) who looked after the numerous pagodas on the north-east side of the city; these have now had to seek fresh habitations, but many of them are still to be seen in the streets of Mandalay, wearing their curious saffron-coloured robes, somewhat resembling the Roman toga. The hill on the right of the Sketch is Mandalay Hill, on the summit of which are several pagodas, all dedicated to Gotama, the princely and sainted or deified founder of the Buddhist religion. Our other Illustration is a view of the "Incomparable Pagoda," with its gorgeous Poongyee Kyoungs, now occupied by the 67th (Hampshire Regiment). The exterior of this pagoda is unlike the ordinary Burmese style of building, as it is merely a mass of white stone, unrelieved by the usual carving and decorations with which the Burmese adorn their temples. An old Poongyee or priest still lives in it to keep the interior clean; he is most attentive in showing visitors over the place, and is not above accepting a douceur. The sheet of water in front is the great place of resort for company "dhobies," who are to be seen at all hours busy at their vocation, and doing their best in effect to make holes in their masters' linen. In one of the Mandalay pagodas stands a colossal figure of Buddha, 60 ft. high, made of teak, and originally gilded all over, supported by trunks

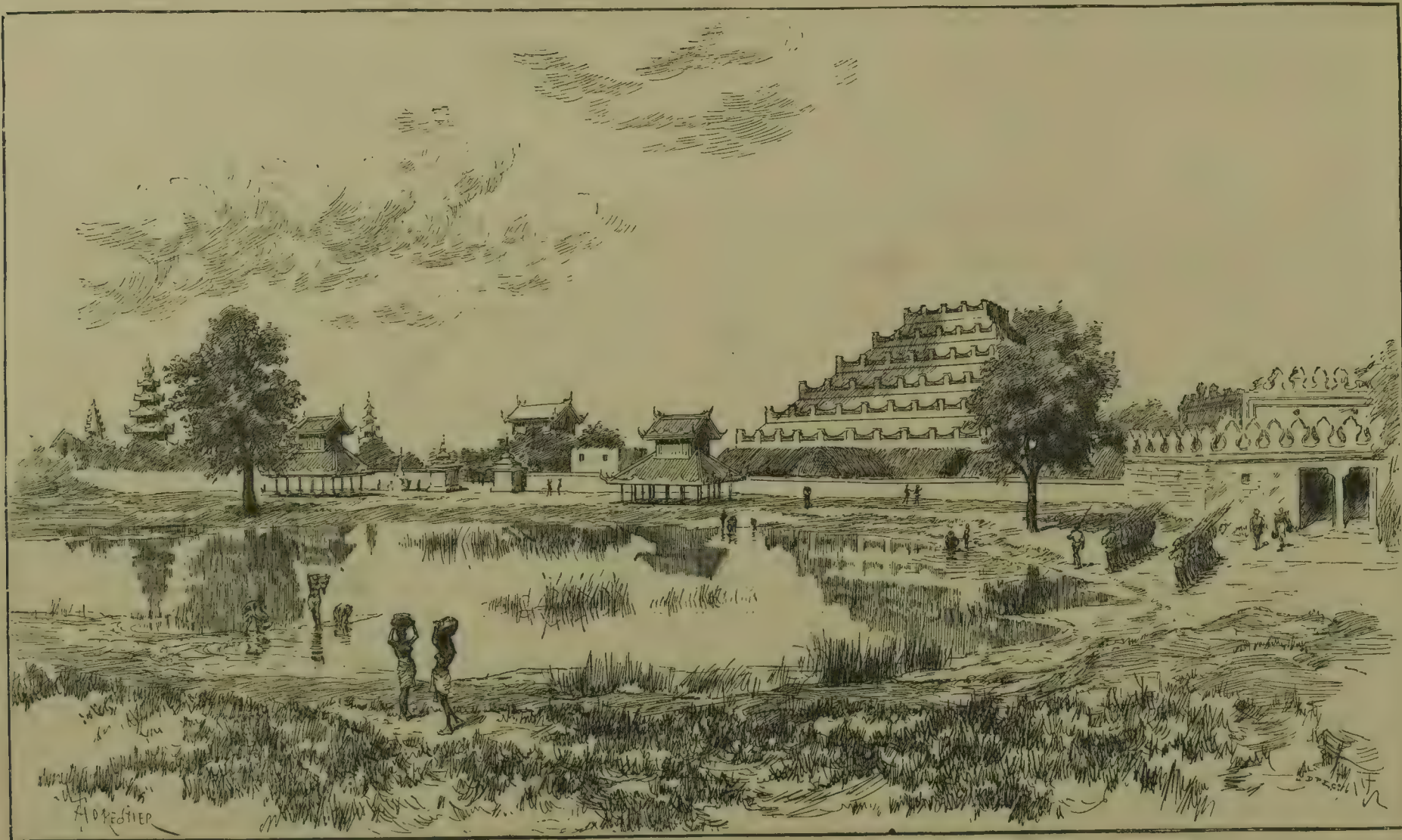
of teak, 80 ft. or 90 ft. high, with another smaller figure kneeling beside him. Buddha's right hand is extended towards the city, with a gesture of benediction. We have some particulars respecting the subjects of these Sketches from Lieutenant Battye, another officer of the 3rd Ghorkas.

## A ROMP AFTER DINNER.

In a large and happy family with a multitude of boys and girls, the festive frolics of the Christmas season are often prolonged far into the month of January; and we see the garlands of holly and mistletoe still adorning the chandelier, the mantel-piece, and the top of the cabinet, in a pleasant household where the elderly gentleman enjoys his share of the children's mirth. What is sweeter, to kindly old age, or to comfortable middle age beginning to feel some corporeal heaviness, yet light and free in spirit, than this wise and willing condescension to the joyous sports of infancy? The game of "Blind-man's Buff," formerly called "Hoodman Blind," has a peculiar charm for old and young who love each other dearly enough to like feeling themselves put on a temporary equality, where the superior stature and strength of the elder is counterbalanced, for a few minutes, by the helpless awkwardness of his movements while deprived of sight. Innocent triumph, and harmless amusement at his expense, without any real diminution of habitual respect, may be read in the bright faces of the juniors, except among that pretty group in the corner, towards which he is obliquely approaching; for he knows surely where and how to catch his favourite little girl, who runs for shelter, feigning to be terrified, into the arms of a grown-up sister, and is received with a smile of tenderness

felt more profoundly than the fun of the game. The other fair maiden, leaning on this sister's shoulder, is a passive spectator of the play, watching it, perhaps, with a slight anxiety lest one or two of the children should be run over and knocked down, of which we see no danger on this cleared spacious floor. Our hearty sympathies are with the good-natured "heavy father," whom we suppose to be Uncle as well as Papa, with his nephews and nieces—those delightful relations, bringing less responsibility but almost equal kindred affection—and with his own sons and daughters, assembled at a Christmas party. This "romp after dinner" will not injure his digestion, for laughter, of which he gets plenty, aids the healthy functions of the stomach as well as the heart. "To laugh and grow fat," indeed, might be no advantage in his case, which is rather one for the Banting prescription; but the mild exercise will do him good.

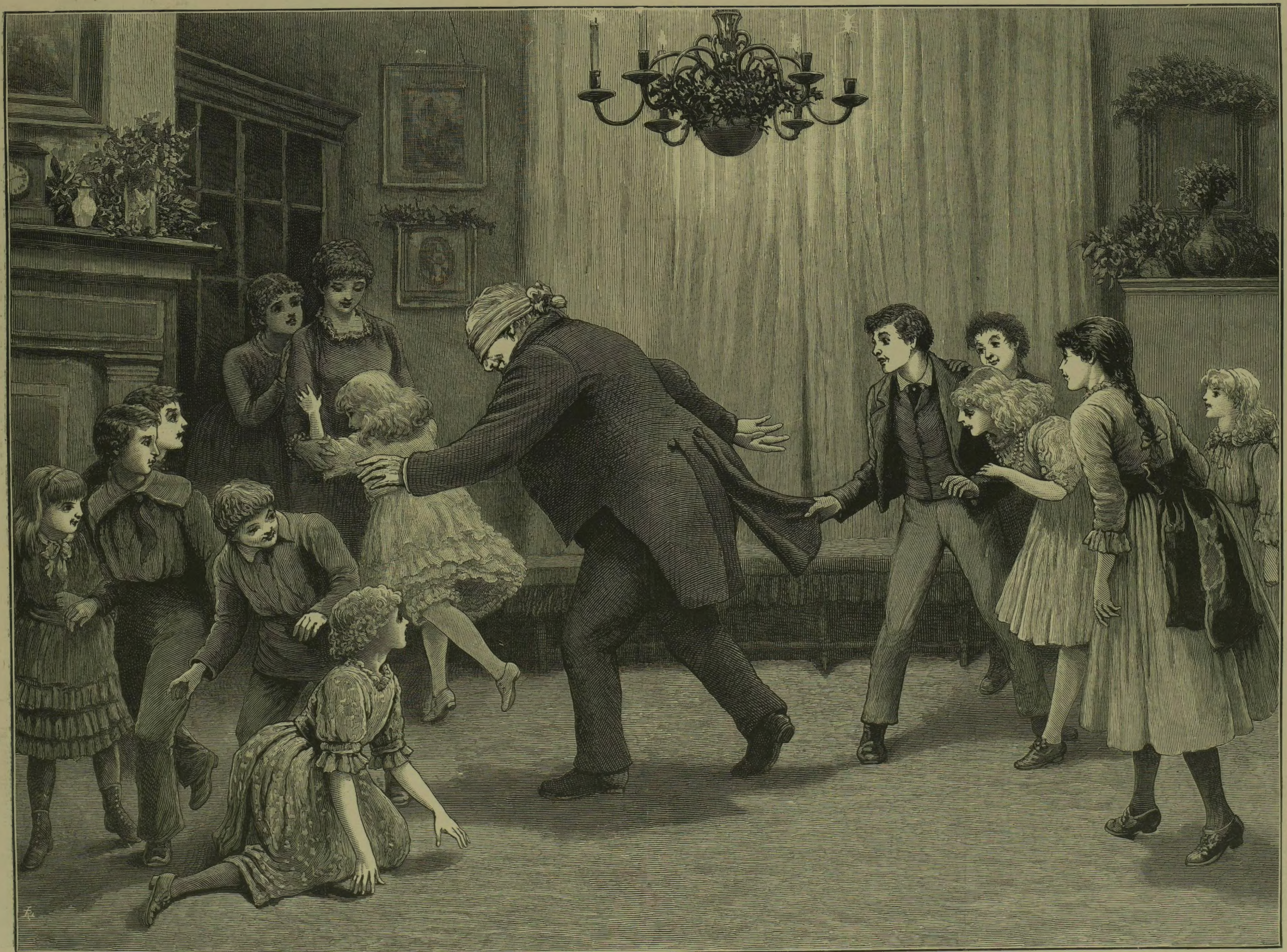
A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on the 6th inst. at its house in John-street, Adelphi, Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., M.P., being in the chair. It was resolved that, with the sanction of the Queen, the special life-boat which the committee decided a short time since should be placed by the institution on the coast during the current year, be named the Queen Victoria, and be placed at a station to be selected by her Majesty. Rewards amounting to £1007 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, and pecuniary grants were also made to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks. Payments amounting to £6623 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution.



"THE INCOMPARABLE PAGODA," ON THE DHOBIES' GHAUT, MANDALAY.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH: BY CAPTAIN C. PULLEY, 3RD GHOORKA REGIMENT.





A ROMP AFTER DINNER.—BY TOWNELEY GREEN.



## THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The Council of the Royal Academy have obtained access this year to two fresh stores of art treasures—Mr. R. S. Holford's gallery and the Duke of Wellington's; and from these the chief attractions of the exhibition, independent of the Turner drawings, have been obtained. Lord Normanton also generously contributed some fine works which have not been recently seen by the public, whilst Mr. David Sellar continues to sustain the interest in Dutch pictures, and Mr. Charles Butler in Early Italian works. The latter, however, has drawn a rival collector into the field in the person of Mr. R. H. Benson, who seems to have devoted much time and money to the acquisition of works of art, which are chiefly noticeable as recalling the dimly remembered names of minor artists. Whether the works attributed to Tommaso Di Fadino, Giovanni Di Paolo of Siena, Cosimo Tura, and Lorenzo Costa are by those artists nobody can say positively, and, outside a very small circle of archaeologists, nobody cares. The dealers of Antwerp, Amsterdam, Siena, and Venice are adepts at producing old masters of various schools; and recent experience has proved to them that a safer business is to be done in the less known names than among the Raffaels, Correggios, Titians, and Vandycks, which formed the staple of their commerce fifty years ago.

To come, however, to the pictures themselves, the now recognised arrangement of many years standing has been preserved. The first room contains chiefly English works, and amongst them Cotman's magnificent coast scene (10) is one of the most conspicuous objects. It is richer in colour and more complex in its treatment of atmosphere than his works usually are, and the effect of the sunlight struggling through cloud and fog is remarkably fine. Mr. Benson may be congratulated on the possession of quite the best specimen of Cotman's work which has been exhibited at Burlington House, and we regret that it was not purchased for the nation, when offered last year at Christie's. A less known artist than Cotman was Samuel Medley, who died in the first decade of the century, but his "Two Children" (4) and "The Study of a Child Asleep" (33), lent by Sir Henry Thompson, show him to have been imbued with not a little of Romney's delicacy, whilst both show the influence of Reynolds's teaching. Of English artists, however, Gainsborough and Romney are the most strongly represented this year; and the former especially by his landscapes. Of his portraits in this room may be mentioned those of "Lady Eden" (34), a seated figure in a lilac dress, and his daughter "Peggy" (46). Romney's chief works are the "Portraits of Two Children" (11) the daughters of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, standing at a harpsichord; of "Mrs. Horsley" (18), a pretty but somewhat insignificant face, painted in profile; the "Marchioness of Townshend" (20), in powdered hair and white ruff, and the pretty face of "Lady Wright" (38), under its broad-eaved white hat, which nevertheless seems somewhat out of character with the uses of a muff, unless that article were introduced to conceal the sitter's hands. The Reynolds portraits in this room include, among others, one of the "Duchess of Grafton" (12), a famous beauty of her day, apparently painted when the lady was at her best, but before Reynolds had achieved his subsequent skill and freedom. The portrait of "Mrs. Quarrington" (24) is unfinished, but is nevertheless an attractive picture; and the "Girl with a Kitten" (22), usually known as "Felina," although not reckoned amongst the most popular of Sir Joshua's works, is one which shows him to good advantage as a painter of children. The two Hogarth portraits contributed this year by Mr. F. B. Henson are scarcely as interesting: "Peg Woffington" (25) and "Miss Ray" (31). They were offered for sale last year at Christie's, but failed to commend themselves to the taste of the *cognoscenti*. Northcote, Wilkie, Prout (more successful in water colours), Calcott and Wilson, are also represented in this room.

Among the Dutch pictures, "The Breeze" (62) and "The Calm" (99), by W. Van De Velde, should be compared, as suggestive of the way in which this talented artist worked and how economical he was of his imagination. The two "conversation" pieces by Anthony Palamedes (64 and 69) are capital specimens of a master who is but little known in this country, so highly prized are his works in his own, especially since recent researches have determined more accurately the respective position in art of the two owners of this name. The Queen's contribution from the Buckingham Palace collection is Teniers' "Alchemist" (105), painted with laborious care and ingenuity; but too well known by engravings to need further description. Mr. Humphry Ward lends the "Portrait of a Girl" (106), assigned to no special painter of the Dutch school; but it is a work to which not a few even of the first rank would be ashamed to see their name attached. It is a small, delicately-painted figure of a girl in a black dress and white cap, suggestive of the work of Van Der Helst. Paul Potter's "Rabbit Warren" (91) is one of that artist's works in which he has not concentrated the interest in any single figure, and is, consequently, of more than usual interest. Franz Hals is represented by a "Group of Three Heads" (95), and the "Portrait of a Gentleman" (97); but neither work is of first-rate excellence. The addition to this of even four specimens of the French school should be hailed with gratitude; for, although the "Girl with a Dove" (86), by Greuze, is the only one of any special merit, yet Mr. Ward's little Watteau sketch (88) is not without interest.

The large gallery opens with a highly characteristic portrait of "Quevedo" (111), the satirist, by Velasquez, in which we get a glimpse of the artist's method when dealing with men of the pen and not of the sword. Apart even from its technical qualities, such a portrait is of the highest possible interest, and deserves to be more widely known. The north end of the gallery, out of regard to the Jubilee year, is devoted to the large canvases of Wilkie's "First Council of Her Majesty" (117), Leslie's "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament after Coronation" (110), Sir M. A. Shee's "Portrait of the Queen in her Robes" (119), and Sir G. Hayter's "Christening of the Prince of Wales" (120). In all these the interest is at most historical, for the subjects do not afford materials for a picture with which modern artists can satisfactorily cope. Bonifazio, Paul Veronese, and a few others succeeded; but they found but few rivals even among men of still higher renown. On each side is a picture lent from Buckingham Palace—Rubens' "Pan and Syrinx" (115), and Rembrandt's "Adoration of the Magi" (123), both of them masterpieces of their respective artists. In the former work we have a specimen of how Rubens could represent rapid motion; and in the latter a management of falling light, of which Rembrandt, amongst the Dutch artists, had discovered the secret. Of the larger works from the Holford collection, which are arranged along the east wall, the full-length portraits of "Philip IV. of Spain" (426) and the "Duque d'Olivarez" (135), both by Velasquez, two out of a series of four, are among the most striking and majestic figures in the gallery; and they find fitting companions in the half-length portrait by Bronzino of "Cosmo de Medici" (125) and his wife, Leonora (137). Although the latter is wanting in the refinement and beauty which distinguishes Titian's "Catherine Cornaro" (129), the Queen of Cyprus, in her striped green and gold richly-jewelled gown and her quaintly pointed head-dress. At the end of the room Lord Carnarvon's superb "Holy Family" (141), by Rubens, one of that artist's masterpieces, hangs between two portraits by Vandyck—"Anne, Countess of Bedford" (140), and "Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire" (142), the former in a blue silk, and the latter in a white satin dress, both cut low. The former work, unless Vandyck painted two portraits of Anne Carr, was originally at Althorpe, but is apparently now in the Petworth collection, whence the two pictures here exhibited have been lent. The west side of the large gallery is, by long usage, given up to English art; and this year's display will bear comparison with that of any previous exhibition. At either end is a full-length portrait by Romney—"Mrs. Townley Ward" (145), in the full beauty of youth, dressed in white, with a red cloak thrown over her shoulders; and "The Countess of Glencairn" (153), in a black dress, with a red curtain behind her. Two full-length portraits of ladies, "Anne, Countess of Chesterfield" (146), and "Mary Anne, Countess of Buckinghamshire" (148); and close by hangs that of "the Earl of Buckingham" (150)—all three deserving to rank amongst Gainsborough's best works. Two large landscapes—one by Gainsborough (147), full of life and animation; and the other by Constable, a "Dell in Helmingham Park" (151), show the respective powers of the two artists and the influence of the elder upon the younger, by the manner in which the boughs of the trees in the foreground are parted, so as to show beyond. The last remaining picture is Turner's "Venus and Adonis" (149), painted at a time when he was deeply influenced by Titian's influence and colouring. As a specimen of what Turner could achieve as a figure-painter, it ranks among his finest works; and forms an interesting complement to this collection of his water-colour landscapes.

Of the fourth gallery, with its early (or late) Italian masters, it is unnecessary to speak at length. These works possess, for the most part, interest rather for the antiquarian and for the professional artist than for the ordinary public. The very names of the artists to whom they are attributed shift with the tastes of those who purchase them. Take, for instance, a diptych (199) unhesitatingly ascribed to Jacopo Da Cosentino, a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, whose only authentic work now remaining are a few traces of wall-paintings at Arezzo; for the altar-piece ascribed to him, now in the National Gallery, is looked upon as more probably the work of the Confraternity of St. Luc, established in 1349. Again, Cosimo Tura, to whom the "Flight into Egypt" (195) is assigned with equal assurance, was one of a small group of Ferrarese artists who worked so completely in common that it is futile to attempt to distinguish the share of master and pupils. Tommaso Di Fadino (175), whom we may aptly translate as Thomas of the Faddists, and Cosa Delli Amatrice (189) are merely names derived from inscriptions on their works, and of whose relation to contemporary art history is silent. Nor is the position firmer or clearer when a picture is described as being of the Umbrian, Tuscan, Florentine, or any other school; when we call to mind the generations of picture collectors and art patrons whose wants have had to be gratified since the revival of taste and learning. Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, and even France, have for five centuries produced works of art in every branch, and especially in painting, in proportion as the demand arose; and however instructive some of these early Italian pictures may be to students who can recognise the aims of the period to which they are assigned, they are, for the most part, of but little value to those who wish to find in them some touch of the master's hand. These remarks, of course, do not apply to such works as Leonardo's "Study of a Head" (168), subsequently reproduced in his "Vierge aux Rochers";

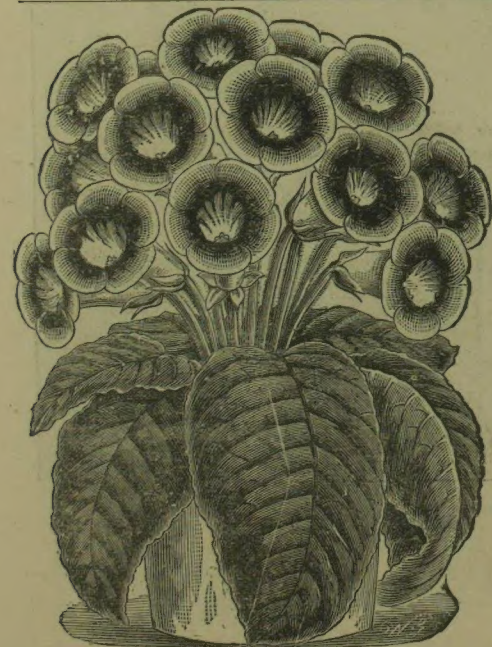
the exquisite figure of a girl, "La Colombine" (177), by B. Luini, one of the gems of this year's exhibition, and even if the authenticity of the "Holy Family" (174), by Sodoma, be questioned, its beauty is incontestable.

We reserve for a future occasion our notice of the Turner drawings, and of the pictures in the large gallery.

## ART BOOKS.

The translation of the second volume of Woltmann and Woermann's *History of Painting* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) places art students in this country on a level with those of Italy, who have in Morelli a guide and philosopher in art, of whom the two Germans are worthy rivals. The first-named contributor to this history died before its completion; but his collaborator had so thoroughly entered into the spirit and intention of the original projector of the history that one is scarcely conscious of any break in its continuity. Dr. Woltmann, moreover, before his death, had expressed his wish that the unfinished portion of the history of the Renaissance in Italy should be completed by Janitschek, to whom we are consequently indebted for the chapters on the Schools of Venice, Ferrara, and Bologna. The present volume is a history of the painting of the Renaissance in Northern and Southern Europe; and the authors explain at length, but with great clearness, the various influences which determined an almost simultaneous outburst of "naturalism" north and south of the Alps. In Flanders and in Germany it was Nature herself who was revealing herself to her future priests; in Italy it was the sudden appreciation of their predecessors' work. Artists, sculptors especially, had grasped the true beauty of the human form, which Italian artists, penetrated by the religious feeling of their time, were about to translate as the "human form divine." Through Flanders, France, Germany, and Italy, Dr. Woltmann and his colleagues trace the progress of the art of painting, its rapid development of technical skill, its local peculiarities, and their possible origin. The influence of each artist on his epoch, and his place in his school, are brought out in the summaries of their lives; for this comprehensive work is at once a biographical dictionary of art and a clear and definite criticism of each artist's style. As a text-book, therefore, it is invaluable; and the care with which it has been edited for the English public, by giving references to the English galleries where specimen works may be found, adds very considerably to its value for art students. At the same time, its admirably executed illustrations, with which the work abounds, bear testimony to the wise liberality of the publishers, who, it will be hoped, will find their reward from an appreciative public. Although too solid and too instructive to take its place among the ordinary gift-books of the season, we cannot but think that it deserves to be recognised amongst them, and the delighted recipient would, we feel sure, endorse our view. Mrs. Clara Bell, in translating, has wisely, we think, compressed much of the original work; and, so far as we can judge from a hasty comparison with the original, with no detriment to the value of the German author's views. The sap of the authors' criticisms and appreciations is throughout maintained; whilst the somewhat wearisome disquisition and threadbare controversies on matters of taste and opinion have been wisely omitted. In a word, we can commend this history of painting, from its birth in the East until it had reached its golden age in the sixteenth century, as a necessary addition to the library of both the student and the amateur in art.

Much more limited in its aim and intention is Mr. William Martin Conway's *Early Flemish Artists* (Seeley and Co.); but, at the same time, it is more analytical than the preceding. Mr. Conway desires to show that Flemish art owes its excellence to the influence of religious sentiments of the people, and the wholesome control and patronage exercised by the trade guilds in the rich cities of the Netherlands. Of the earliest group of Flemish painters, Roger Van der Weyden stands out as having exercised the widest influence over contemporary and subsequent art. He softened the strong realism of the two Van Eycks, but never lost touch with the individualism which at one bound raised Flemish art out of the conventionalism which restricted it, except in the hands of the greatest artists, in Italy. The German painting of the school of Cologne with its wide-spreading branches, owed much to Van der Weyden; whilst, in return, the Flemish artists at the close of the fifteenth century gave evidence of the naïveté of expression which marked the earlier Germans. It was thus that Memling, Dirck Bouts, and the like, became the forerunners of that Flemish and Dutch art which found its inspiration not in religious sentiment, or legends of the saints, but in the lives of the people. From the first we discover the tendency of Flemish artists to substitute for ideal representations of bygone saints portraits of the chief men of their day, whose costume, lineaments, and perhaps even characters have been handed down to our times. Mr. Conway's work is an admirable preparation for, or better still, a companion on, a trip to Belgium, where at Bruges, Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels some of the finest examples of early Flemish art are still to be found; whilst for those who stay at home it will be a valuable supplement to works which are either catalogues of paintings or biographies of the artists. Many of the works, moreover, to which reference is made in this volume, are to be found in our own National Gallery.



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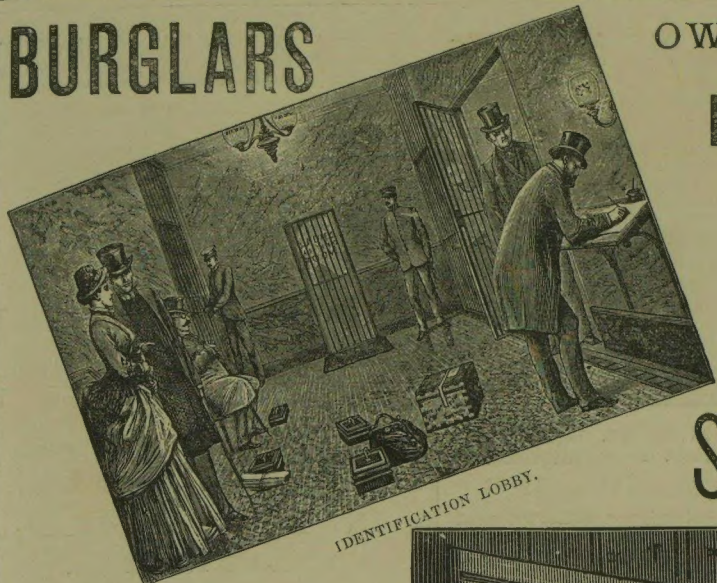
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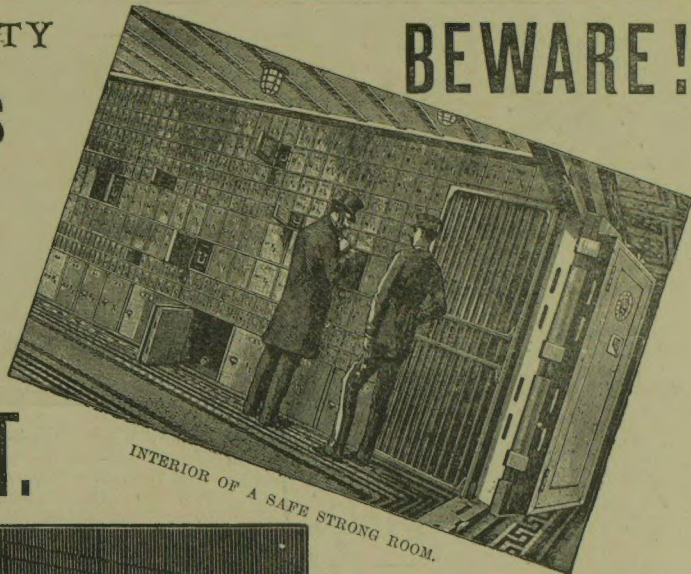
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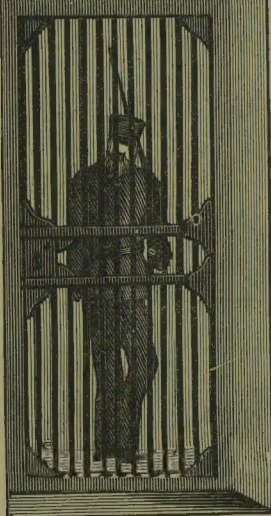
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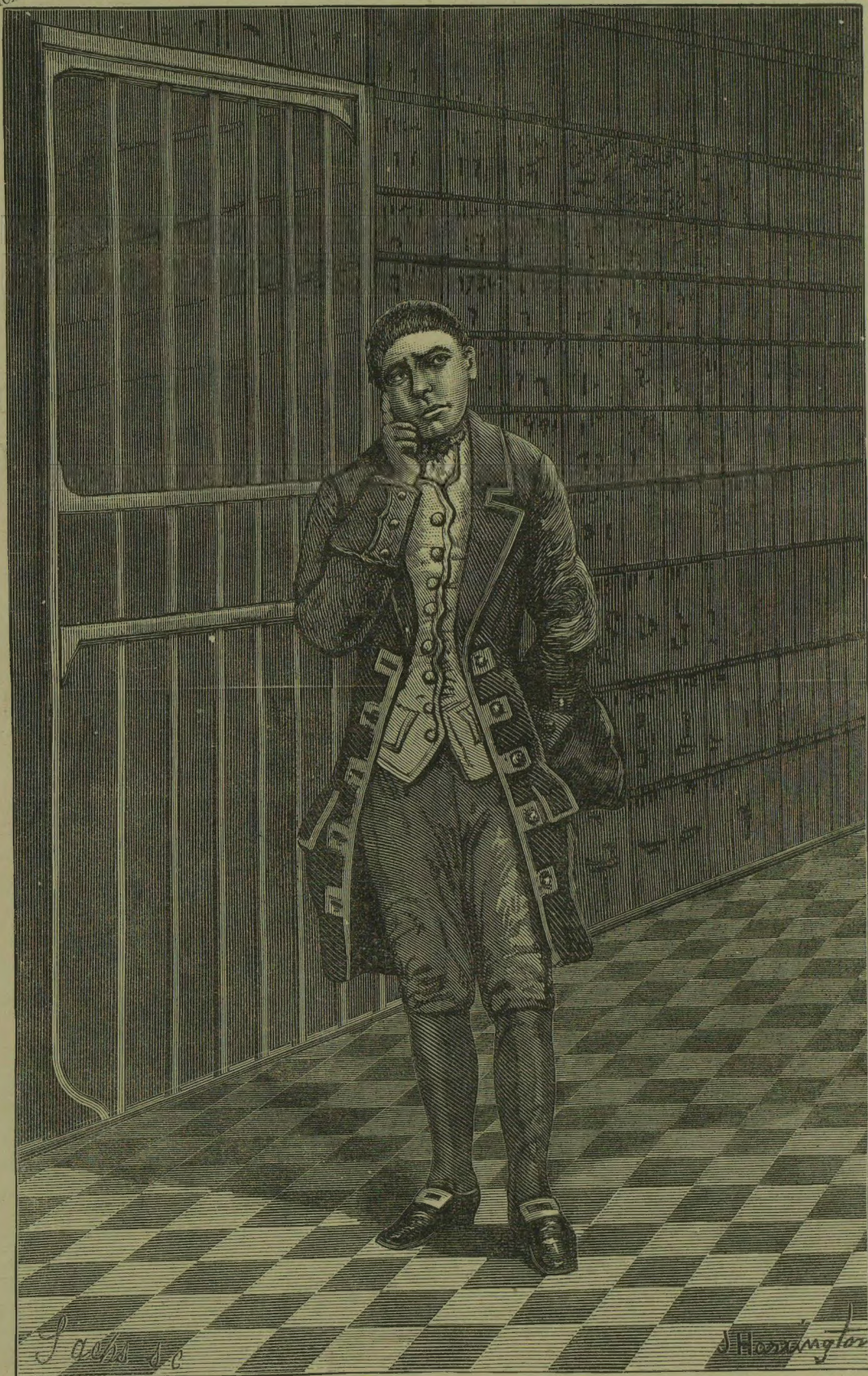
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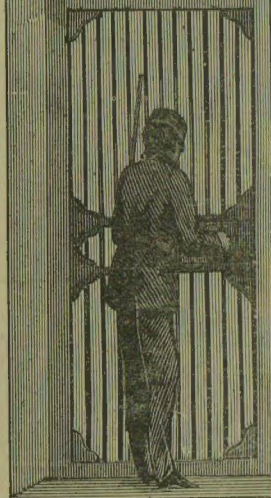
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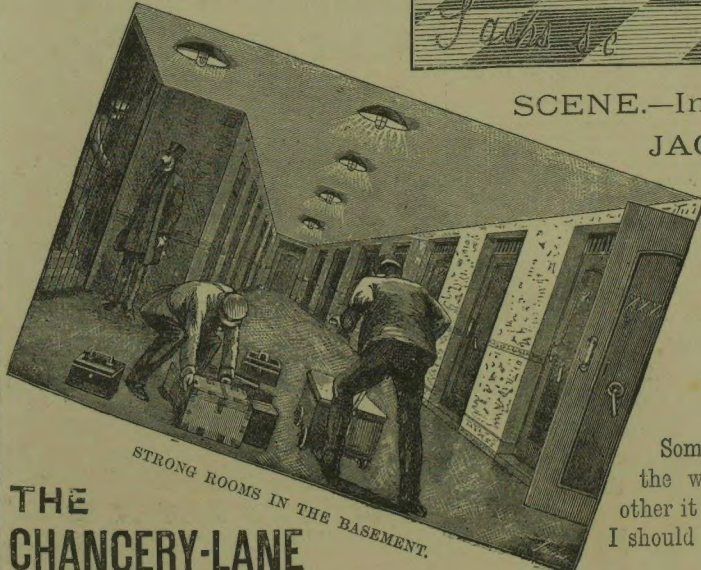
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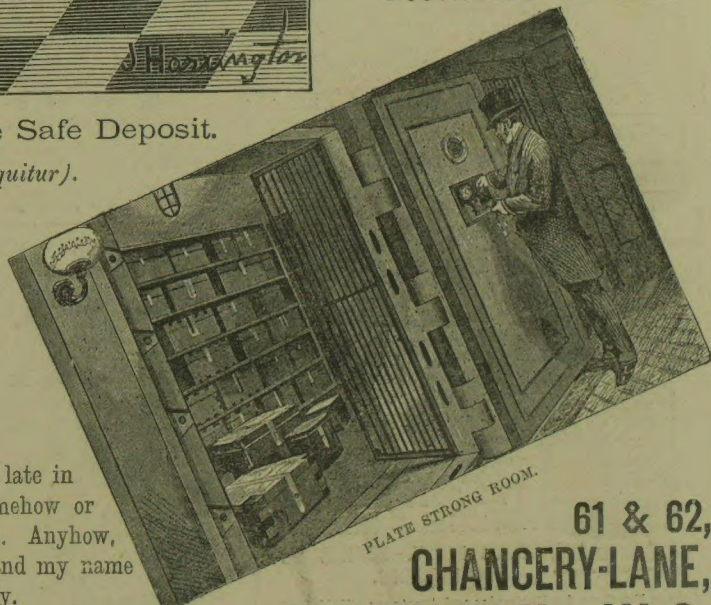
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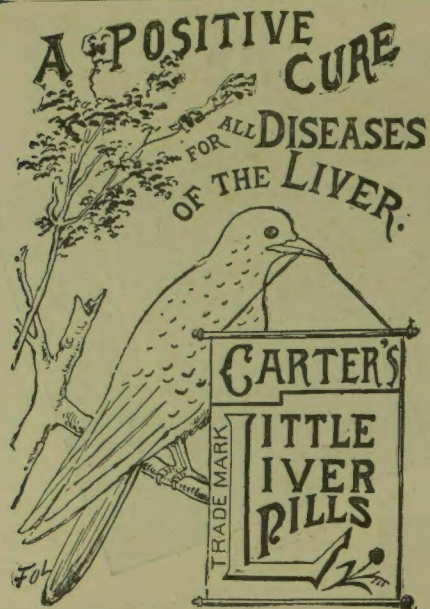
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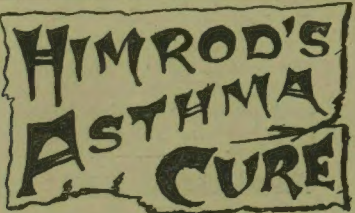


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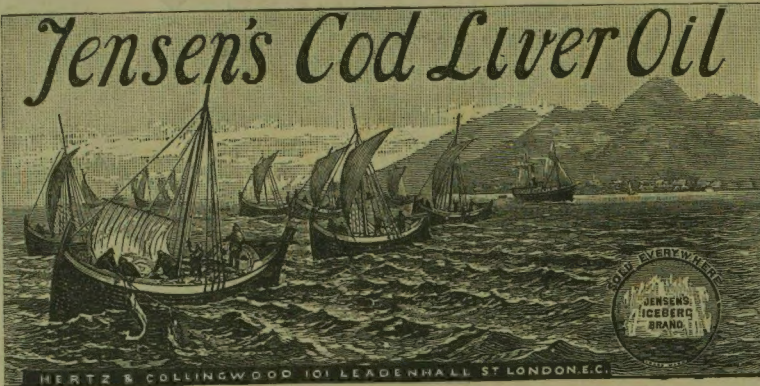
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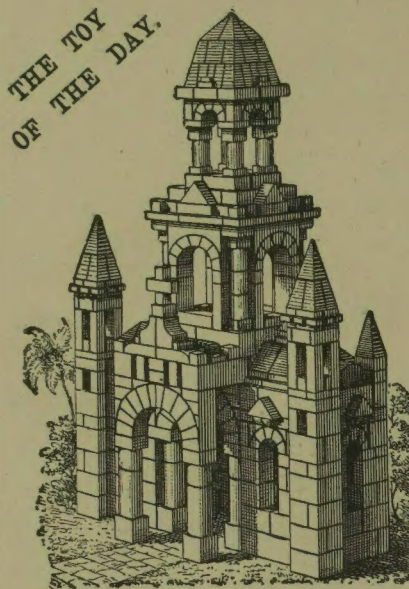
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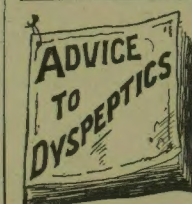
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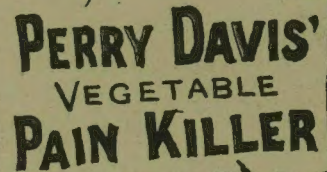
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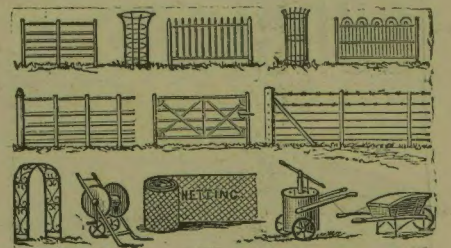
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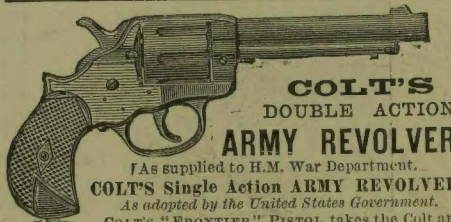
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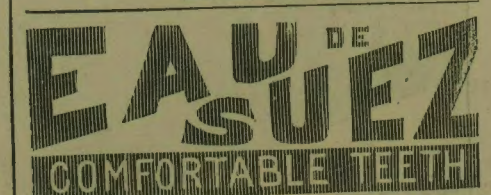
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